





THE
CHARACTER
OF A
WHIG,

Under Several
DENOMINATIONS.

To which is added,

The *Reverse*, or the *Character*
of a true ENGLISH-MAN, in
Opposition to the former.

LONDON,

Printed, and are to be Sold by the
Booksellers of *London* and *West-*
minster. 1700.

THE
CHARACTER
OF A
WHIG

IN A
SERIES OF
DISCUSSIONS

By
The Rev. J. G. ...
of a ...
Opposition to the ...

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THE
CHARACTER

Of a Sowre,

Malcontented *WHIG*, &c.

OF all Men living, they are the fittest Persons to delineate their their own Accomplishments; for when a Sowre *Whig* describes a *Jesuite*, he is drawing his own Picture, and they act as uniformly, as if the Soul of the *Ignatian* Tribe, did Transmigrate after Death, into the Bodies of that *Stickling* Party. Contradiction is their Original Sin, the Peoples Ignorance supports their Cunning, Interest is the Dagon they both Idolize, and give them but *Power* to their *Wills*, they'd Bridle all *Mankind*, and Ride them into *Sedition* here, and to *Hell* hereafter. A Sowre *Whig* has more Shiftings than a *Weezle*, more Doublings than a *Hare*, more Shapes than *Proteus*, changes Colour oftner than a *Camelion*, and *Mercury* may more easily contrive a *Man-*

teau for the *Moon*, that is always Increasing or Decreasing, than any Pen circumscribe this *Multifarious* Animal in a General Character; and therefore I shall take the *Machine* into Pieces, and shew him in variety of Colours, Shapes and Postures: And first as

*A Busy, Impertinent, Intermedler
in Government: Or,*

AN Empty Polititian fit for nothing, but to make a Common-Council Man at *Goatham*, to Drown the *Eel*, or Hedge in the *Cuckooe*. A Sucking Coffee-house Statesman, a Little Great Man of no *Business*, that wanting Imployment of his own, troubles all the World with his *Idleness*. He is haunted with a Spirit of *Government*, and wants nothing but a *Call* into an Office, to shew his *Rare Qualifications* in turning the World *Upside Downward*. *Ingratitude*, and *Dulness*, will for ever be his Character: Which with a Mixture of *Confidence* sets him up for a *Patriot*, which in our Modern Phrase, signifies nothing else but a *Stickling Disgust-ed Fop*, that thinks he deserves some good place or other, which *Heaven* and the *King* knows he is not fit for. He pities
the

the World that has no greater Insight into his Parts, and like the *Chynois*, thinks all the World is Blind but himself. He is engaged in a Confederacy with *Hypocondriack Clubbers*, to admire one another, who think they have as much *Wis* as they want, and more than e'er they will have. He is Eternally *Vain*, because he is never *Thoughtful*, and that Vanity makes him fancy himself of an *Unfathomable* Capacity, as *Wine* makes the *Beggar* think himself a Man of *Quality*. He is a Lump of combustible *Ignorance*, whom the least Spark of *News* kindles in a Blaze of *Unlikely*, and preposterous *Conjectures*; and then the rest of the *Rooks* and *Daws* take Wing, and fill the Town with *Incredible* Fears, and *Invisible* Dangers. His Talk is like *Benjamin's* Mess; five times more than comes to his share. All are *Fools* that are not of his *Opinion*, but he esteems him a Man of extraordinary *Wisdom* that applauds his *Conjectures*, and puts him upon Laughing at his own *Shadow* for want of a more *Ridiculous* Substance. His *Religion* is but the Visor of his *Policy*, and whatever *Vertue* he has, *Craft* is the Keeper of it. All his Discourses are *Obscure* and *Enigmatical*, like the *Devils* in the *Delpbick* Oracle; you may understand his Words, but never reach his *Meaning*. The Corruption of *Reason* was the Generation of his *Wits*, and the Spi-

rit of Lying and Slandering, is the height of his Improvement. He is a perfect Enemy to *Monarchy*, for want of an *Office*, and hates every *Courtier*, because he is not one of the Number. In short, he is a kind of Sucking Traytor, and the older he grows in his Discontents, the more is the Government endangered, by his Misrepresentations of Publick Actions. He creeps by degrees from want of an *Employment*, to advance a *Lawless Liberty*; from *Petitioning* to *Remonstrating*; from questioning the *Power, Wisdom, and Capacity* of his Superiors, to seizing the *Administration*, into the Hands of the *Populace*. His Maxims in Government are contradictory to *Common Sense*, and ruinous to the *Monarchy*. He Asserts the way to make a King *Great and Glorious*, is to give him no *Money*; that the means to support *Forreign Alliance*, is to impoverish the *Exchequer*, and the best way to keep the Government upon the *Wheels*, is to weaken the *Axle-tree*; so that the *Whigs*, and their New Associates, the *Jacobites*, having been long troubled with the Spirit of *Contradiction*, the Devil of *Nonsense* is got among 'em also. Humor them and you *Disappoint* 'em. Every *New-fangled Notion*, thrusts out a former Exception, and give 'em full possession of what they Ask, and they soon grow weary of the *Toy* they Whimper'd for. They Declaim a-

gainst

gainst Arbitrary Power, and yet *Usurp* it ; against the *Prerogative*, and erect an *Imaginary* Power above it ; against *Grievances*, and yet *Promote* them ; against *Mismanagements*, and yet produce no *Instances* of their Being. They carry *Liberty*, and *Religion*, upon the Tip of their Tongues ; but dare swallow neither, for fear they should choak them. They complain against *Ill Ministers* to colour a *Faction* against the *State*, and to Enslave Free Subjects under the *Arbitrary* Impositions of a prevailing Party ; but I fear I have kept them Company too long, and therefore will pay a Visit to

*The Hypocritical Preaching Whigs
under every Denomination.*

WHOM I will describe in their Educations, Postures, and other topping Qualities, that recommended them to a Decluded People, and raise their *Fortunes* in the World. Some of them, whose Abilities could not among Understanding Men, advance them above a *Groom*, a *Porter*, or a *Torelher*, have gain'd a more comfortable *Maintainance* (their Port considered) than an Ordinary *Bishoprick*, and all a better *Allowance* than the generality

of the *Orthodox Learned Clergy*. They are at little or no *Expence* in their Education. Pretended *Gifts* supply the Defect of *Learning* and *Knowledge*. The latter are the leisurely Effects of *Labour*, *Sweat* and *Reading*; the former are only strong *Impulses*, and Fortunate *Incomes* which gives a short Turn upon their Trade of *Preaching*. A heavy *Pblegmatick* Blockhead, that could never get Learning enough at *School*, to enable him to undergo an *Examen* for Admission into the *University*, let him have but a strong Aversion to the Labour of a *Mechanick*, or the *Industry* of a *Tradesman*. That is, let him be Damnably *Lazy*, and enrich'd with a convenient proportion of *Duncery*, 'tis a good Call to the great Affair of *Holding forth* among the Brethren; then let him Board a while at Mr. *Alfop's*, Mr. *Doelittle's*, Mr. *Meade's*, Mr. *Cyffin's*, Mr. *Pen's*, and now and then take the *Air* at the Phanatick Academies of *Newington*, *Croydon*, *Hammersmith*, or *Nettlebed*: Wear a Black *Jump*, and his *Hair*, and *Ears*, of the *Smectymnian* Standard, to shew him a *Divinity* Intender; it matters not whether he Read any Authors, *Sacred* or *Profane*, provided he takes *Notes*, or stand *Gaping* upon a Form, or Stool, to receive a Measure of the *Light*, that an old *Squeaking* Tubster is scattering among the *Juvenile* Fraternity. Let him but Repeat in the Afternoon, till the Pir,
Boxes,

Boxes, and Galleries are full, and till he has attained a just *Confidence* in *Speaking* in Publick, and a *Profound, Engaging, and Learned* Method in *Managing* his *Postures, Sighs, Groans, and Grimaces*. Then up starts the *Ab Lard* Stripling into the Pulpit, or other Mouthing Place; and tho' he be as Fat as a *Porpus*, his first Text is, *O my Leanness, my Leanness*: Or, *I am not ashamed of the Gospel*; tho' by his Uncouth and Ignorant *Managery*, the Gospel is ashamed of him. *Age, Example, and Practice*, improves him in all the Arts of *Mimical Gestures, Affected Tones, Shuffling his Cloak; Fingring his Band, Coughing with an Emphasis, Spitting with a Grace, Folding, and Unfolding his Handkerchief according to the Original, and Wiping his Mouth a la mode de Lake Lemain*; and now he has gain'd the Reputation of a Soul-saving, Heaven-gaining, Sin-destroying, Hell-confounding, Pious, Precious, Zealous, Painful, Preaching Brother. From these Improvements he at length arrives at the height, and perfection of *Mimickry*, and gives Laws to all his Inferiors, for a *Pedantick Behaviour*, in carrying on the Work of the Day, to the Satisfaction of the Beloved Secret Ones.

The Demureness of his Looks in the Desk, Sanctifies his *Incoherent and Heterodox* Expositions on the Chapters. When he ascends the *Pulpit*, and puts on his

Praying Face, he *Drawls* out his Words, as if they wanted Fellows, and must be *Hem'd* up from his *Lower Venter*, before he could be furnish'd with a *Prologue*. Then in a *Low* and scarce *Andible* Tone, as if the *Gripping* in his Guts had caus'd a *Grumbling* in his *Gizzard*, he says,

*Lard we dare not Ope our Eyes,
And Winks for fear of telling of Lies.*

In naming his Text, he turns over as many Leaves in his *Bible*, as if *Chance*, or *Inspiration* must direct him to't ; and that he knew not whether the Text was in the *Old* or *New Testament*, that he must *Hold forth* upon. The Text being found, he *Leans* and *Reaches* over the *Pulpit*, as if he would take off the *Wigs* and *Head-Dresses* of his Under Auditors, for the easier Entrance of his Doctrine into their *Perri-araniums*. His one and twenty Points are Tagg'd with *Wry Facts*, for want of *Reading* ; his *Reasons*, with *Railing*, for want of *Argument* ; and the labour of all his *Preachments* is chiefly in the *Lungs*, and all he made of them himself, was the *Facies*. His *Actions* are all *Passions*, and his Words *Interjections*. He cajoles his Congregation in *Bemoaning* and *Sainting* 'em, and shews his own Parts, in *Blowing* his *Nose* with abundance of *Discretion*. At *Application-time*, he stands bolt up-right, with

with his Arms on *Kembow*, like the Ears of an *Iron Pot*, which makes him look very *Magisterially*, and fastens the Uses of *Reproof* in the Skulls of his Auditors, like *Hob-Nails* driven into the Posts of a *Gal-lows*; then he shifts the Scene into a loud thick *clapping* of his Hands, which serve to the driving home, and clenching the *Farthing Tack* of an Argument. After this he stretches himself forward on the Pulpit-Cushion, made of a Sisters decayed *Velvet-Petticoat*, which he sometimes *Hugs* in his Arms, as if he was in a Rapture; then in a Zealous Fury, *Thumps* the Dust out o'th' Cushion, into his *Eyes*, which makes him *Weep* and *Wink* affectionately, for the Backslidings of the Zealous Party; then falls to contracting and expanding his Arms, as if he had been *Swimming*, and all to shew himself a Painful Preacher. By and by he Weaves from one side o'th' Pulpit to the other, in a Use of *Consolation*, and contracts the Muscles of his Face, into an Obliging *Grin*; which raises the Drooping Spirits of his *Auditors*, into Extasies of *Joy*, and Stomachs to their *Dinners*. Lastly the *Hats* of the Congregation being all of a sudden turn'd a-wry, like *Ballad-singers* in a Country Fair; but with the open side to the *Tubster*, lest what goes in at one Ear, should go out at t'other, gives you notice the Holder forth is falling into his concluding Prayer; where

where he *Winks*, *Kneads* the Cushion, and is in as many *Notes*, as a pair of Bagpipes. Sometimes in a deep hollow *Grumble*, like the noise of a Stone rattling down a *Well*; then a loud Stentorophonical *Bawl*, which is presently rais'd into a high *Scream*, upon the Key in which a Nice Lady *Squeaks* at the sight of a *Frog*; and by and by a *Maudlin* sort of a *Whine*, in which he continues so long, till the Tears drop from his Nose, and he Sweats like a Greasy Hostess in *Dog-Days*, and would have *Brayed* longer, if the Clock, and Chimes of his Guts crying Cuboard, had not stop't him.

This Exercise of his *Lungs*, and his Auditors *Patience* being over, happy is the *Man*, and more happy his *Wife*, that can have the Favour of this Heavenly Man's Company at *Dinner*. In the way home, the Disciple thanks the Good Man for his *Pains*, commends his *Voice*, and his *Memory*, but not a Word of the *Sermon*. For he slept all the time as soundly, as if he had heard a *Carnal Dean* or *Bishop*. The Wife sends the Apprentice before, to warm the *Towels* to Rub him down, and that a *Tankard of Sack* may be ready to *Drench* him, for fear his *Grease* should be *Melted*. These accustomed Necessariums being ended, the Crop-sick Holder-forth approaches the Table, with fear there should not be Food enough; and Reverence

rence to the *Mistress of the House*, and her *Chinse Gown* and *Petticoat*, then blesses the *Quaking-pudding*, because *Esau* sold his *Birthright* for a *Mess of Porridge*; the *Leg of Mutton*, because he might pull the *Pope's-Eye* out; the *Shoulder*, because *David* was a *Shepherd*. The *Capon*, because *Peter* was converted by a *Cock*; and the *Custard*, because it was a *Scape-Goat* from the *Lord-Mayor's Table*. Now he lays out himself sweetly, upon the *Creature Comforts*, and shews his *Abilities in Eating*, oppos'd the *Miracle in feeding five Thousand*; for if he had been a *Guest* at that *Meal*, there would not have been so many *Fragments* left, as would have *Dined a Sparrow*.

From stuffing his *Paunch* at the *Citizens*, he returns to air his *Lungs*, and give himself *Breath* in an *Afternoon's Exercise*, where he speaks more with *Ease*, than a wise Man can hear with *Patience*. In the *Morning* he was a *Son of Thunder*, but for fear of displeasing their *Haughtinesses*, and losing his own *Contribution*, he must now be a *Son of Consolation*; and therefore knowing their *Inclinations to Democracy*, preaches up *Popular Doctrines*, such as *Baxter* and *Fenkins* begun the *Civil-War* with: The *Liberty and Power of the People*, and the *Privilege of Rebelling*, if ever the *Prerogative of the Crown* should check the

the Licentiousness of the Conventicle: For then the *Hydra* may, in their Opinion, set up against *Hercules*, and, if possible, fetter *Monarchy* it self. By these Preachments the *Old Bell-wethers* of every *Disloyal* Flock, from the infamous Title of *Traitors* were dignified with that of *Saints*, and wallow'd in Wealth and Wickedness. Having thus plaid the *Parasite* to a Popular Ambition, he Acts the same part as a Preacher, and has a *Salve* for every Sore, and an *Excuse* for every Sin, till none at all is to be found among his own *Peuple*; and if any of them should complain, he has *Crumbs of Comfort* for the *Hungry*; *Sips of Sweetness* for the *Thirsty*; *Crutches* for the *Weary*; *Porter's-Blocks* for the *Heavy Laden*; *Apples of Gold* for the *Poor*; *Iron Chests* for the *Rich*; *High Heel'd Shooes* for *Dwarfs in Duty*, and a thousand other *Knick Knacks* to seduce the *Easy* and *Ignorant Multitude*; and therefore they seldom or never apply to their Hearers *Reasons*, but to their *Humors* and *Fancies*; and instead of taking pains to enable themselves to *Speak Sense*, for the improvement of the *Understandings* of their Congregations, (which good end, if attain'd, would put their Craft in danger to be set at nought) they take the readier way of Addressing to their *Passions* and *Tempers*, and thereby rendring themselves Masters of their

Weak-

Weaknesses, and *lesser Inclinations*, they secure an *Implicit approbation* of their Words and Actions; and when this is once achieved, the poor *Disciple* is miserably Ridden into all Inconveniences. Nothing must be too good for the Men of *Cap, Cloak and Handkerchief* o're the *Band*. If he's Crop-sick, out comes the Rich *Fellys*, *Dry'd Sweet-meats*, *Cordial-Waters*, and the Lady *Moore's Drops*, to supply the place of the Bitter Draught, Cow Piss, or a Pepper Posset; besides, something must be laid down *in hand* for Entrance, a constant *Rent* for a *Pew*, Provision for often Visits of the demure zealous *Canters*, who must never be dismiss'd empty *Bellied*, nor empty *Handed*, for fear he should shake the *Dust* off his Feet, and leave a *Curse* behind him. From hence the *Senior Soph* adjourns to some other *Rich* Members of the Faction, where his first Salutation is, *Peace to this House*, but is sure to raise a War in the Family before his departure, that may gain him the opportunity of another Visit, a *Privy Purse*, and a large stuffing his Paunch to Reconcile them. To these may be added, Repeated *Contributions* to *Itenerate Apostles*, that want *Booths* to hold forth in; and what is more than all this, the continual *Drainings* on the Wives part: So that a *Wealthy Disciple*, that is duly qualified with a *zealous silly Wife*, is a good

good *Farm* to a Cunning, Canting *Tub-ster*.

His Conversation in mixt Company is, Railing against the *Episcopal Clergy*, as *Papists* in *Masquerade*. Against *Human Learning* in *Sermons*; and highly commends (what is truly) the *Foolishness* of *Preaching*. A significant Ceremony frights him into a *Frenzy*; a Discourse of *Order* and *Decency* is a *Mark of the Beast*, and turns him *Topsy Turvy*; and rather than not be *Singular*, if other Men go to *Heaven* upon their *Feet*, he'l (for *Contradiction* sake) take the other way upon his *Head*. He loves none of the *Prelates* but *Bishop Fox*, whom he *Applauds* for writing his *Book of Martyrs*; but more for his *Discretion* in keeping himself from being one of the Number of those that suffer'd the Pains and Perils of *Fire* and *Faggot*. *Simulation*, is his *Sanctity*; *Gain*, is his *Godliness*; and all his *Actions* are govern'd by a kind of *Political Wisdom*, abstracted from the *Rules of Conscience* and *Religion*. In short, he seems one of the *holiest* Men *Heavenward* that you can meet with, but the *Illest* Man among his *Neighbours* in the whole *Parish*. A *Reverence* is due to the very appearance of *Piety*; but whenever we find this *Holy Man* to *Godward*, to be no better than *Ferg---n*, a *Jugling Knave*, among *Man-kind*, that's the very *Hypocrite* we find

Stig-

Stigmatiz'd among the *Scribes* and *Pharisees* in the Gospel; and as such we'll leave him to take a view of

*The Faction, Seditious, Illiterate
Whig Lawyer.*

WHO came to *Town* recommended from the Scatter'd Churches of the *Whigs* in *Hibernia*, Equipt in a kind of *Kent-street Mourning*. A *Frixe-Coat*, as tatter'd as a *He-Goat*. A *Hat* well Blockt, but scarce half a *Crown* to it. His *Doublet* and *Breeches* so alike, that a *Dark Morning* was enough to make him mistake the one for the other. His *Stockens* without *Feet*, like a *Chandlers* drawing *Sleeves*, and he durst not trust them off his *Legs*, for fear of *Crawling* from him; and in short from *Head* to *Heel*, was a thing made up of so many several *Parishes*, that you'd have taken him at first sight for a *Frontispiece* of the *Resurrection*, and enquir'd of him, how the *Whigs* were disposed of in the other World; but a *Collection*, and his *Uncle's Charity* having Rig'd him into *Christian Shape*, and a small charge in pounding *Tobacco-Pipes*, and mixing them with the *Juice of Lemons*, and *Fullers-Earth*, to take out the
Stains

Stains of his *Wild-Irish* Education, he soon
 brisk'd up into a *Confident Thing*, as like a
 Man as a *Boyish Bog-Trotter* could arrive
 to. His early Pretences to *Zeal*, *Ignorance*,
 and *Nonconformity*, shew he suckt
 in the Principles of *Sedition* with his Mo-
 thers Milk, and that in him were all the
Seeds of Mischief, only they wanted form-
 ing; and therefore it was soon resolv'd
 upon the Question, that having all the
 Requisite Qualifications of *Lelap*: *Snarl-
 ing* at the *Poor*, *Fawning* on the *Rich*, and
Glavering with all he could but get a
Mouldy-Crust by, he ought to be hewed
 out into *Log* called a *Dawyer*; which
 being primed with *Impudence*, and gilded
 with *Hypocrisy*, might in time be a *Pillar*
 to support the *Whigs* sinking Cause, and
 raise it to the height of *Forty One*, to
Forty Eight. To accomplish this End ha-
 ving already the Gifts of a *Whig*, and the
 Graces of the *Leviathan*, he never gave
 himself the trouble of Studying the *Libe-
 ral Arts*, to qualifie himself for a Man of
Sence; but for want of *Learning* entitles
 himself a Man of *Business*. He never
 drudged Seven cold Winters, and as many
 sweaty Summers, in reading the *Statutes*,
 collecting *Reports*, digesting *Cooke's Insti-
 tutes*, and forming *Common-Place Books*;
 but entred at the Back-Door of an *Attor-
 nies Clerk*, to set up for a *Counsellor*. He
 put his Name, 'tis true, in the *Buttery-
 Books*

Books of the *Temple*, but with a Resolution never to trouble the *Society*, with *Mooting Cases*, *Dancing in Masquerade*, *Re-velling at Christmas*; or so much as Eating a Commons in the *Hall*; but as a shorter cut to cheat the World, Pinnion'd himself like a *Gizzard* under the Wing of an Experienc'd *Petty-fogger* of the *Party*, where he learn'd more of the *Litigious* part of the Law in a Year, than he could have done without the help of such a *Tutor*, by studying in the *Inns of Court*, or *Chancery* all his Life time. By this *Arfward* Method he was able to walk without a *Goe-Cart*, or the help of *Leading-strings*; and was more expert in *Holding a Candle to the Devil*, than those that have studied the Point with more remarkable Austerities: And no wonder, for all these kind of *Whigs* manage themselves by *Trick* and *Confederacy*; and have a nearer way to Ruine the *World*, than all the rest of Mankind. The Vogue of being a *Conventieler*, gives a greater Reputation to any Lawless *Professor*, among the *Party*, than Seven Years Study in a *Univerfity*: For being Litigious in their *Natures*, as well as *Practises*, no thing is ever thought to be well said, or done, till it is stamp't with the Opinion of an Almighty-Headed *Dal-man*. As ill used the Study of the Law is no Liberal Science; but a meer *Mechanical* Mystery,

introduced into the World, as one of the great *Grievances* of Mankind; attain'd without Speculation of the Understanding, or the Assistance of an illuminated Genius, but is a meer *Heap* and *Chaos* of undigested *Forms* and *Fullacies*, practiced to squeeze Money out of *Litigious* Fools, to fatten a Crew of *Miserly Muck-worms*, of which our new Law-Intruder is a President.

Sighing at a Conventicle, having Cough'd him into a *Vessel* of *Grace*, and taking Notes at *Dicks*, or the *Gracian* Coffee-House, having Ear-mark'd him for an *Antimonarchist*, which are the only Testimonials to Recommend a *Confident Opinion* to the Practice of the Law, and make him *Pass* *Mustre*, among the *Holy Brethren*. This *Nitt* of the Law, soon swells himself into an *Elephant* in his own Conceit, and tho' he knows not the difference between the *Nodder* and the *Nod-dee*, Nor a *Deed* in *Tayle*, from a Declaration of *Ejectment*, yet by Learning a little *Phanatick* Address, a *Busy* look, and a *Starch'd* Behaviour, he grows as *Demure* and *Dull* as a *Recorder*, and wants nothing but a *Barr-Gown*, to Cheat the World *cum Privilegio*. A Friend being made to the Approbator, who greasing him in the *Fist*, gets his *Hand* to a Testimonial of the Block-head's Sufficiency; and by promising his great Acquaintance among

among the *Quarrellsome Whigs*, would bring many good *Grifts* to the Mill at *Westminster*, he is call'd to the *Barr*, and passes among the *Crow'd* by an *Authentick Transmigration*, from an *Illiterate Petrifogger*, to be call'd a *Councellor learn'd in the Law*. The First News of his *Dignity* is publish'd among the *Sister-hood*, who Simper at his *Preferment*, in hopes to lick their Lips in a Bowl of *Beveridge*, to Handsel his cast *Gown* and *Cap*, and to wish him good luck at the next *Goal Delivery*: Whilst the *Bastard Son of Parchement* struts among the Women, like the *Major Domo*, of the *Turkish Seraglio*. Every Street, Lane and Alley in the City, receives his Visits with his *Gown* on, and his great Business there, is but to shew it. If he has a *Companion* in his Walk, he makes as much Noise with Clattering out Law, as an *Inceptor* in his *Slap Golochia's*. Instead of turning over *Books* in his Study, he exercises his *Gifts* on his *Bed-maker*, and Commits *Fornication* with the *Dust* of his Chamber, to gain her good Word for an *Able Practitioner*. He Traverses the Walks of the *Temple*, more dully than a *Penny-less Alsatian*, and on the same Errand too, to see who will shew their good breeding in Inviting him to Dinner, but is often disappointed. To force a Trade, he once bought a *Sheep's-Head*, *Horns* and all, of a Butcher, for

for his *Sunday's* Dinner, and desired him to give him a *Receipt* for the dressing of it; which while the *Butcher* was Dictating, a *Dog* runs away with his Staring Quarter of Mutton; and the Mob crying out, *Lawyer, Lawyer*, the *Dog* has stolen your Sheep's-Head; and he seeing him so far *Eloped*, that he could not *Attack* the Criminal, and have his Body in *Arcta Custodia*, to appear next Term *Coram. Dom. Reg. apud Westmonasteriensis*, he said, let him go like a *Foolish Cur* as he is, 'twill do him no good, for I have the *Receipt*, and he knows not how to dress it; besides I have a good *Action* at Law against his *Master*, of *Trover* and *Conversion*, by which I shall gain *Costs* of Suit, and *Treble Damages*. Many Terms together he Trudg'd to *Westminster*, without any *Cause* for his going thither, unless to see and be seen among the *Monkeys* and *Lap-Dogs*, and *Walking-Trees*, that come thither to be sold, as he to be Hired for a *Rat-catcher*. But this not succeeding, a more hopeful Stratagem enters his *Lawless Pericranium*, and he immediately puts it in Execution. He frequents *Convincticles* and *Lecture Sermons* Devoutly, makes an Interest among *Attornies*, *Solicitors*, and that Herd of filthy *Swine* that the Devil entered into; and the Crawling *Vermine*, worse than all the *Plauges* of *Egypt*, *Splitsters* of *Causes*, and *Affidavit*

Swear Devils, that make no more of
 Swearing upon the *Holy Bible*, than of
 laying their Lips upon *Renald the Fox*,
 or the *Seven Wise Masters*. For these *Vipers*
 never sting one another, tho' they gnaw
 their way in to'th World, through their
 Dams Bellies. This Confederacy, and
 giving Attornies leave to make use of
 his Name, when they wanted a *Counsels*
 hand without a *Fee*, as they often do,
 and letting them go *Snips* in all the *Fees*
 they bring him, quickly brought him
 into Vogue, especially among their own
Party, who always Measure *Right* and
Wrong, by their Interests; like the *Turks*,
 they call every thing good or bad, by the
 Success that attends it, and every Man a
Proficient in his *Art*, that *Boggles* not at
 doing any thing they would have him:
 In which our Lurcher has as considerable
Qualifications, as any Lawyer in *Kent* or
Christendom. That which prevents ma-
 ny honest Men from being *Lawyers*, viz.
 a *Scrupulous Conscience*, and an inflexible
Honesty, never hinders him, for he car-
 ries no such things about him. His
 Soul is meer Sense, and as he has no
 knowledge of *Virtue*, so while he is in-
 gaged among the malcontented *Whigs*,
 he has no occasion to make use of it.
 He has a *Brass Towel*, and a *Steel Coun-*
tenance, and never wants so much *Pa-*
tience in his *Green Bag*, as to be discour-

rag'd at any Undertaking, and never cares whether a Cause be Good or Bad, so there is but money to be got by it. He is a sworn Enemy to *Arbitrators* and *Umpires*, and the words *Peace* or *Agreement*, he looks upon as *Apocryphal*, and ought to be torn from our Bibles, and *Strife* and *Contention* inserted in their places. He has a kind of a *Sea-faring Conscience*, that Sleeps more quietly in *Hurricanes*, *Storms* and *Tempests*, than in a *Popular Peace* and *Tranquillity*.

These Qualifications and Advantages Records him a Saint in the Whiggish Calender, tho', in truth, he is nothing but a *Feind* with a Glory about his head, to dazle the Eyes of a *Bifarious Mobile*, tho' it answers the *Design*, increases his *Practice*, multiplies his *Clients*, and fills his *Empty Pockets*. The First day of the Term finds him Trotting on Foot to *Westminster*, in a Dagled Gown, a Dangling Wig, *Papers* in his Hand, a Bag under his Arm; and a Cluster of *Durty Country Clients*, like *Burrs* Sticking to the *Rump* of our *Paris Garden* Pleader. In addressing to the *Barre*; he bids an Eternal farewell to his Modesty and Conscience, as *Starving Notions*, next door Neighbours to *Beggery*, and supplies those Vacancies, with Confounded *Jargon*, *Billingsgate Rhetorick*, and a large Stock of *Impudence*. His Prologue to the Farce, is, *May it please*

please your Lordships, and you Gentlemen of the Jury, for want of a better, I am of Council for the Plaintiff A, in an Action of Assault and Battery: Setting forth that the Defendant B, Simul cum C. D. E. F. G. with Swords, Staves and Knives, Wounded, Hurt and Maimed us, in a Principal Member of our Body, Anglice our little Finger, and put us in danger of our Lives, and hopes of a Hundred Pound Damages. This my Lord, we could have proved *Temp. præcur*, by Twenty Witnesses, *Bon. et Legal. Hom.* But Nineteen of 'em being Dead, or knowing nothing of the matter, we shall Trouble the Court but with one. Cryar, call Mr. Bartholemew Brass' Girdle, Inholder, Anglice an Ale-house Keeper, where the Quarrel began with Ale, and Ale wou'd have ended it, if the dextrous Management of the Country Common-Barrater, had not brought it in a Clarke Bag behind him to London.

Another Artifice to bring more Game into the Net, is, by Clubbing with a Non Con Holder-Forth, and taking a House between them *conjunctim et Seperatim*, with a Convenient Room next the Street to Pray in, which Toles in Disciples to the Tubster, and Clients to the Lawyer. Simeon and Levi, now join Hand in Hand, to promote each others Interests. Law Stalks for the advantage of Non Conformity, the Directory Sets for the benefit

benefit of *Cooke* upon *Littleton*, and both like *Monkies*, crush their *Fondlings* into nothing, by Hugging and Embracing them in the Arms of *Flattery*. Popularity is always the Nurse of *Self Designs*, and our brace of *Beagles*, being Masters in that Art of *Dolt catching*, they pursue it with all manner of *Craft* and *Industry*. In Vacation time, when their *Bellies* and the *Town* are Empty, these narrow Soul'd Wretches make frequent Visits among the *Whigs*, to save charges at home; for they keep a House would starve a *Cat*, and the *Rats* and *Mice* have deserted it, and taken Sanctuary in the *Church* to mend their *Quarters*. Now they set up for *Peace-makers*, and reconcile all *Differences* and *Disputes* among those that have no *Money*, at the Price of a *Supper* for themselves, at the Expence of both Parties. If a wealthy *Whig* be sick, the Holder-forth goes to visit him, and being paid for *Groaning* by his Bed side, periwades the *Decumbent* to send for our *Whig-Lawyer*, to make his Will, and set his House out of Order, which he'll be sure to do, to all Intents and Purposes; by making so many *Ambiguous* Clauses, and *dubious* Provisions in the Will, as, after the *Testator's* decease, shall make his *Relations* spend the *Fee-Simple* in Quarreling about the *Title*, and consume their *Legacies* in Suites with the *Executors*, where our Man of Law is
sure

sure to be of One, if not both sides, because the *Belphégor* that rais'd the *Dévil* is the fittest to *Lay* him. In making the *Testament*, he is obliged in Gratitude to put down *Five Pounds* for a *Funeral Sermon*, no matter whether the *Sick-man* desires it, or not, 'tis but skipping that *Paragraph* when he reads it over; and by these under-hand Arts they *Claw* and *Gram* one another, in the Language of an Old *Phanatick Poet*:

*One Good Turn another Eeches,
Mend my Coat, I'll Patch thy Breeches.*

And that every *Whig-Bird* may have the plucking off of some Feathers from this languishing *Fowl*, towards making himself a *Nest*, the *Medicafter Nomlas* must now be sent for, with his *Rosy crucian Pantarwa's*, and then *Consummatum est*; you may write upon the *Dying-man's Door*, *Lord have mercy upon him*.

Thus the *Whigs* engrossing all the Arts of *Money-catching* among themselves, our Lawyer is soon grown *Rich* and *Opulent*, and so *Stiff* and *Proud*, that he'd take it for an Affront that the *Most Christian King* should call him *Cousin*.

By this time he has purchased himself a *Country-Seat*, which he ne're intends to pay for, and *Tuckled* himself to a *Wife*, an *Attorney's Daughter*, that he bred up
him-

himself by hand to make her fit for his
 Humor, which is as *Cross* and *Peewish*, as ill
 Nature can make him. Among his *Coun-*
try-Neighbours he Reigns with more Cruel-
 ty than *Nero* at *Rome*, and the least Of-
 fence that is given him, or his Doxy *Sara*,
Ruins whole Families. If a *Horse* com-
 mits a *Trespas*, but one half hour, upon
 his Premises, the Price of a *Writ*, and a
London Journey on the *Beast* must com-
 mure for the *Damages*, with many *Hats*
 and *Scrapes*, and God bless his *Worship* into
 the bargain. If a *Cow* does but look o're
 his *Hedge*, a Quarter of her *Fat Calf*, and
 the charge of a *Latitat ad Respondend A*
Predict, in *Placit Transgress*, must com-
 pound for the Offence, or *Take him Faylor*.
 The *Country Wives* so dread his Tyranny,
 that they *Sew Shooes*, on their *Poultrees*
Feet, for fear the *Grim Sir*, should com-
 mence a *Suit* against their Husband, for
 their *Geese* going *Barefoot*, and wish that
Term time might last all the Year, since
 they can have no quiet but in his Ab-
 sence, but are forc'd to *Worship* him as the
Indians do the *Devil*, because he should
 not *Devour* them. But of all in the Vi-
 cinage, within the Reach of his Power,
 the *Vicar of the Parish*, is sure to feel the
 weight of this Parchment Squires Displea-
 sure, tho' the Poor Ecclesiastick present
 him with more *Tyeb Pigs* and *Geese*, than
 he can afford to eat in his family, to
 purchase

purchase his own Peace and Quietness. However, his Innate *Aversion* to an *Orthodox* Clergy-man, and a Man of *Sence* and of a *Generous* Education, will not suffer him to be *Just*, nor *Civil* to a Man of that Character; and therefore disparages the *Vicar's* *Preaching*, tho' he never came to hear him, and teaches his *Parishioners* how to defraud him of his *dues* by *Tricks* and *Quarks* in Law, to support an *Interloping* *Seditious* *Canter*; but he is stole up to the Term in a *Stage* Coach, and thither I must follow him, for being long since made a *Knight*, for being a *Toole* in the hands of a *Duke*, to revenge his quarrel on an *Innocent* *Neighbouring* *Gentleman*, and now growing near his End; 'tis time for him, one would think, to lay aside halting between *Attorney* and *Council* to vex the World, for if he consult his Honour or Fame, 'tis hoped he will amend, and make *Restitution* to those he has injur'd causlessly; especially since having *Ruin'd* many *Families*, and sent *Innocent* *Children* a *Begging*; the *Curse* is fallen upon himself, and his own, and that which was got o're the *Devils* back by the *Father*, is in a fair way of being *Piss'd* against the *Wall*, or spent under a *Whore's* belly, by his two *Ungracious* *Sons*, that are become the greatest *Rakes* and *Debauches* in the World, and not fit to be named where *Vertue* has a being

being; but instead of repenting, the Old *Ape* grows worse and worse; spends his time in watching his *Wife*, his *Money*, and the *Cupboard*; is Retain'd in every *Cause*, only, to *Annay* the *Enemy*, perplex the *Cause*, and confound the *Court* with *Noise* and *Nonsense*; and let him enjoy his *Humor* in adding *Oppression* to *Covetousness*, *Violence* to *Injury*, *Impenitence* to *Wickedness*, while he *Lives*; and then he needs not grudge to go to the *Devil* when he *Dies*; and so Farewel Old *Istra* *Daukes*, and Levoll *Duncery*.

A Bold, Treacherous, Whig Attorney.

IS an Animal descended from the *Plough Tail*, swept out o'th' *Shop*, or kick'd from a *Justice* of the *Peace's*, or *Lawyer's Clark* into Gentleman, to scandalize the Profession of honest and fair Practising Attornies: *Monstrum horrendum informe ingens cui lumen ademptum*. A Writing-School is the height of his Education: *Latin* is his utter Aversion, and therefore cuts it off in the middle, for fear it should accuse him of breaking *Priscians* Head, and crack his own Credit

Credit in the Country, where for want of being a Scholar, he has taken great pains to make them believe he is one. Frequenting Conventicles has made him bold and saucy. His *demure* Looks initiated him into the acquaintance of *Pre-cisions*, and writing *Bills, Bonds* and *Ac-quittances* from Presidents at the sag end of an *Almanack*, has made him impudent enough, tho' but a Pen-feather'd Prig, to call himself an *Attorney*, and to eat the Bread and Cheese out of Practitioner's mouths, that are *Regularly* Qualified for that Employment. He began to look toward the Law, by Soliciting for Criminals at the *Quarter Sessions*, where the favour of his Master Justice, who went *snips* in his *Fees*, gave him the Reputation of a Man of Knowledge. Thence like a Butter-fly Adulterated into a Maggot, he became an *At-torney* in Wapentake, Leete, and Hundred Courts, and at last by employing an able *Entring Clark*, commences an Attorney at large, without being able to Read a *Writ*, or distinguish a *common Process* from an *Execution*: And the People always favouring every Limping Professor of their own *Creation*, he is sooner employ'd than a Clark fit for his Business. He has little more in him than *Garbage*, and the *Shape* of a Man, and when you have beheld his Leather-

Eares

Ears and Shabby Outside, you have seen him through, and need employ your Discovery no farther. His Reason is merely *Whig Example*, and his Actions are not guided by his *Understanding*; but he sees what other Men of the same *Cut* do, and 'tis his whole Business to immitate them. The chief Burden of his *Brain*, is the *Whiggish* Carriage of his Body, and setting his Face in a Frame of *Nonconformity*, advances his Renown among the *Crop-Ear'd Brethren of Bands and Bugle-Cuffs*, who will go to Law with their *Fathers*, rather than this Mushroom Brother of the *Quill* shall be destitute of Employment. Among Knowing Attornies, he looks a *Tripe-Man's Ass*, loaded with *Offal and Excrements*; but among the *Vulgar Fry*, like a Sage *Common-Counsellor*. All his Discourses are *Maxims in Law*, and *Definitive Decrees*, with a *Thus it is, and thus it must be*; but will never humble his Authority to give a Reason for it, unless he stumbles on a Text to his purpose, and then he proves it by *Dint of Scripture*. All his Words are *Hebrew Characters*; if he says he will do any thing for you, it is as much as if he had Sworn he would nor, and you must always Spell him backward before you can Read him. He has neither the Theory, nor Practice of the Law; but his own Villanous Arts except-
ed

ed is wholly steered by the Compass of his *Entring-Clerk*: He is at best but two steps above a *Fool*; a great many below a *Wise and Honest Man*, but the *Phanatick Knave* has predominancy over all his other Faculties; and so he is less dangerous in the appearance of a *Devil* than a *Saint*. If he says he Loves you, be sure he hates you; for he has the Art of Laughing in your Face, whilst he is designing to cut your Throat with a Feather. All that are so weak as to *trust him*, he is sure to *betray* them; will spoil a good Cause by his Treacherous Management, and Sell the best Clyent he has to his *Adversary*, when he has made the most of him. In *London* he frequents all the Seditious Coffee-houses to find out Quarrels, or make 'em, and at the Price of a *Penny* gains a *Pound* in setting Friends at Variance, and under pretence of knowing something of the matter himself, or having managed the like Cause for another, first kindles the Coal into a Blaze, and then gets Money on both sides to quench it. A *Conventicle* is his *Exchange*, where he hears the News of who is at *Law*, and there he employs his and the *Devils Brokers, Solicitors and Splitters*, to keep up the Market of Quarrels at *Common-Law*, till he can bring the Litigious Fools into *Chancery*, and be the Factor to sell both the *Parcels* by Com-
mission

mission at the Price of *Who bids most* by an Inch of Candle. The Mayors and Sheriffs Courts, and the Marshalsea, are his lesser Mints, for Coining Causes of Actions, where he Squeezes his Clyent for a while, and then by a Writ of *Habeat*, removes *Corpus* to the Jayl and *Causa* to be new Alloyed by a *Melius Inquirendum* at the Melting-house at *Westminster*. He knows nothing but the Guts and Querks of the Law, and in that is so great a Proficient, that he seldom fails of Success, for where he cannot Snap the Adversed Attorney, he supplies all the Defects by Repeated *Affidavits*, and prolonging Suits by these Tricks and Shifts, at last makes them ready for *Arbitration*, where a Shoulder of Mutton and a Capon, and some Nasty Red, buries a Cause in an Hour, that if the Clyents had not been quite exhausted, might have lived seven Years longer, and run another *Wild-Goose Chase* through all the Courts in *London*, *Southwark*, and *Westminster*, by the Dextrous Management of our Upstart, Ignorant, Knavish Attorney. In the Country a Conventicle is his Chymical Elaboratory, where from Calves-Brains, and the Gall of Dissenters Spleens, steep'd in the Sour Milk of the Mifs applyed word, he extracts *Aurum Potabile* and *Edibile*, which fix'd in his Pockets, serves for all other purposes. Here he takes Notes from the
Holder-

Holder-foth against the Bishops, and Feet from the Auditors to cheat the *Parsons* of their great *Tythes*, and the *Vicars* of their *Grunting* Offerings, to Thatch the *Boors* heads with *Bob* Wigs, and Ring the Sister Married *Sowes* on their *Thumbs*, and the yet Unexercised *Shoates* on their *Middle* Fingers. Like *Pick Pockets*, he haunts all the *Markets* and *Fairs* in the Country to get a Prize; and if his other *Gins* and *Lime* Twigs, does not catch the *VWood-cocks* by day light, at night he makes 'em Drunk, and sets them a fighting to create *Actions* of *Battery*, and so gets *double Fees*, as *Witness* and *Prosecutor*, and when he has *Wrack'd* 'em sufficiently himself, turns 'em over to the Lawyer for *Execution*. Two Desks and a Quire of Paper set him up. Sighing and Dissembling in a Conventicle got him *Practice*; and he laugh'd at their Credulity in his Closet. *Strife* and *Wrangling* made him Rich, and he is thankful to his Benefactors by Cherishing them. His business would never give him time to cast away a thought upon his *Conscience*; therefore as he has liv'd by *Cheating Men*, now approaching towards the Grave, he intends to Cheat the Devil also; for having Early given him his *Soul* to assist him in getting Money, he has now disposed of it by *Will* another way, without relation had to the *Prior* Grant, and says, if the Devil should make

his Claim at *Doomsday* and Recover, he had yet a *Trick* left to *Reverse Judgment*, but whether 'twill hold or not I much Question, and know not how to send to have Mr. *Sim*'s Opinion in it, who by this time is able to resolve the doubt infallibly. There is still more filth in this Dung Cart, which I dare not stir, for fear of Infecting the Air, and poisoning Mankind; and therefore all I shall adventure on at present, is, to tell my Reader in Sober sadness, that the Practices of such *Lawyers* and *Attornies*, as I have been describing of, are so foul, and their Numbers so many, that in the Opinion of all sober Men, they are become *Nusances*, and *Plagues* of *England*.

The Juggling Whig Physician

IS a *something* made of *every thing*, and signifies *nothing*; for let a *Wretch* be never so *Miserable*, his *Birth* never so mean, his *Fortune* never so *Low*, his *Person* never so *despicable*, and his *Parts* never so *Contemptible*, and the *Senseless Creature* scarce worth any thing on this side *Hanging*; yet among some sort of Men or other, he passes Muster for a good *Physician*, which lays and *Indelible Blot* upon the more

more *Judicious*, when they are commended by comparison; but this is not the insignificant censure of the *Vulgar* only, for the Universities also have but mean opinions of this sort of Amphibious Animals. When their Students *Merits* will not entitle them to an *Election* among the Learned Tribes of Mathematicians, Astronomers, Divines, Civilians, nor Musicians, their Tutors *Reprobate* them to the Study of Physick: To have business at *Bed-sides*, to converse with *Chese-Boole-Pans*, and *Urinals*, and to live and Thrive by other Peoples *Sickness*; so it is abroad in the World, if a *Farrier* is too great a *Dance* to live by his *Blooding Stick*, *Drenching-Horn*, and taking out the *Soles* of Founder'd Horses; let him but lay aside his *Leathern Apron*, put on a *Plush Coat*, talk of *Acids* and *Alkaly's*, tell the Men they are troubled with the *Spleen*, and the Women with the *Vapours*, tho' he employs no other Medicines for the Cure of them, than he did for his *Horse Patients*, yet he's soon call'd an *Incomparable* Physician, whose success answers his Celebrated Judgment; and if to this Example, we add the Number of decayed Gentlemen, Lame Surgeons, broken Apothecaries, Confident Mechanicks, Seventh Sons, Strawling Mountebanks, Licens'd Quacks, Sharking Empericks, Pox Pretenders, with all the goodly Gang of

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Midwives;

Midwives; and *Skilful Women*, one would be tempted to think 'twas unnecessary to study that *Faculty*; and that the whole pretence is a *Cheat*, since all Man and Womankind were Fools enough to make *Physicians*. Their Names you see are *Legion*, and since it would be the Works of an age, to describe all the Pretenders; I shall only account for the Heads of the *Herd*, and bequeath the *Hides* of the rest to the *Tanner*; and first I will single out,

The University Topping Whig Physician.

WHO having the *Annuity* of a *Younger Brother*, and but the Learning of an *Elder*, a *Latudinarian* in his Life, and at best a *Septick* in Religion; finding his *Income* would not answer his *Expences*, he resolves upon espousing some Employment; and being told by his *Tutor*, that the Practice of *Physick* was the easiest, and oftentimes the most *Advantageous*, for the use he intended it. Our Gentleman immediately sets his Face towards the *Physick Garden*, and by taking a *Turn* there now and then, with an *Herball* in one Hand, and a *Woman* in the other, he

he soon Commences a *Botanist*. His next Step is to the *Anatomy Lecture*, where he has the *Patience* to hear all, and the good *Nature* to carry away nothing, but what he brought with him, *Confidence* and *Ignorance*, a *Torn Gown* to shew his *Standing*, and *Mony* in his *Pocket* to treat the *Reader* at the *Tavern*, to shew his *Understanding*. From the *Tavern* he returns to his *College*, and covers the *Table* in his *Study*, with *Galen*, *Hypocrates* and *Aristotle*, for the sake of his *Problems*. Next in order, are laid open *Veslingus Bartholinus* and *Riolanus*, and Contemplating a while upon the *Naked Gentlefolks*, goes to sleep upon his *Couch* to improve his *Contemplations*, and thence to *Barnwel* to put his *Notions* into *Practice*; where an unhappy accident, produced a good Effect, made him experience a *Cure* upon himself, before he practised upon others; and gave him a greater opportunity of *Reading*, than ever he allowed himself before, since he saw the *Univerfity*; being emancipated from the *Chirurgeons* hands, and at *Liberty*, all his *Discourses* smell of the *Gally Pot*, and his *Chamber* converted into a *Slaughter-House* of *Dogs* and *Cats*, to improve himself in *Anatomy*, and give him the *Name* of a *Student* in *Physick*! Never did *Man* take a degree to lesser purpose, for he was *Doctor* without the *Charge* of

the *Sham Dignity*, and it added nothing to the Credit of his Learning afterward.

From *Cambridge* he removes to a City or Market Town, and with a *Degree* upon his Back, sets up for killing Men, Women, and Children, *Secundem Artem*, and makes his practise a Confirmation of the *Hebrew Idiom*, where the same Word signifies *Physicians*, and *dead Men*, and were no way beneficial to the *publick*, but by *Ufurping* the Office of the *Plague*, *War*, or *Famine*, in ridding the Nation of its *Infectious* Inhabitants. *Physicians* time out of mind were all accounted Beasts by *Degeneration*, if *St. Luke*, and a few others, had not been exceptions from that general Rule, and to wipe out the reproach of *Atheism*, our *Mr. Doctor*, being no further from an *Atheist*, than from himself, saw a Necessity of Engaging in a *Party*, and making a *Shew* of Religion to advance his Interest, but where to fix was the Question. The Church of *England* party, he knew were for the Learned in all Professions, and there his *Cake* was *Dowe*; but knowing the *Whigs* were all *stiles*, and *Props* to another, and that the Skin of an *Atheist* was as fit for the Shoulders of a *Phanatick*, as if it were made for him, it soon determined his choice, and now *fall down Atheist*, *Rise up Nonconformist*, till he is able to reassume his proper Character.

Character. That is, till he has made his *Fortune*, and is so much above the World, that he can scorn and Laugh at all below him. *Hypocrisy* is now his *Theme*, and, with the help of the Devil and his Agents he soon acquires perfection in it, and Mimicks a *Precisian* as exactly, as if *Fergusen* had been his Father, a Jesuite his Grandfire, his Mother a Quaker, and all his Relations Independents. He patiently bears the Reproofs of the Female Sex, when they bring him Patients, and promises Reformations. If a Sister tells him she hear's he's a *Great drinker*, he answers he is of a *Hot Constitution*, and very *Thirsty*, but for time to come, he'd drink *Water* with his *Wine*, to allay the *Scandal*. If another repimands him for being a *continual Smoker*, he says (with some Emotion) he'l go home and burn all his *Pipes* and *Tobacco*. If his *Cravat* be a Size too Long, there's enough o'th own to make it Shorter, and so banters, befools, and humors them both at once, and sets them a *Gossiping* from House to House, to cry up the Skill of their New *Convert*, and Pump *Guineas* into his Pocket, till they have made him as Proud as *Lucifer*, as *Salacious* as a Pamper'd *Cardinal*, and as *Insolent* as a *Baud* in a Brandy Shop.

*The Decayed Gentleman Whig
Physician.*

HAVING Squander'd away his *Patrimony*, and wearied out his *Relations* and Acquaintance, by thrusting in his *Elbows* at the lower end of their *Tables*, and borrowing Money out of their Pockets, finding his *Hawk*, his *Gun*, and his *Setting-Dog*, the Inheritance of *Spendthrifts*, and younger *Brothers*, will no longer maintain him, he begins to Study the nearest way of making others greater *Fools* than himself, and having long hung in the balance of several Opinions, without throwing his whole self into either Scale, at last resolves to be a *Whig* in *General*, so that no party shall call him absolutely their own, and yet all live in hopes of his *Conversion*, from a *Sharking Rake* into a *Dissembling Hypocritical Reformist*. Having gain'd this Point, in being thought a *Whig* in *General*, and seeing himself that the World had cast him as a *Needy*, *Troublesome Intruder*, now clas'd again in a more hopeful Predicament, like a Man a Drowning, fastens upon any thing next at hand; and among other of his *Shipwack'd*

wrack'd Qualities, having happily lost *Shame* and common *Modesty*, he borrows a Shillings of his Brother's Footmen, buys him a *Urinal*, and with a few unirellible Receipts, found after her Death in his *Grandmothers* Closet, among other precious Receipts of *Distilling*, *Chirurgery*, and *Cookery*, he sets up for an *Emperical Physician*, and stumbling on a Cure by chance, or being by, when beneficial. Nature relieved her self, he was Slander as the Agent, and immediately gets the Reputation of an *Excellent Physician*; and all sorts of Whigs cry him up, in hopes at last he will espouse their Interest, and credit their *Barn* with the Company of a *Doctor*.

Now he thumbs *Culpeper's English Physician*, and his *London Dispensatory*, and having retrieved as much Latin as will compound a Bill for a Purge or Vomit, that names him as Learned, as if he had been a Member of the College, or had bought a Degree of Doctor at *Leiden*, or *Montpelier*. He is a very vain Creature, but above all things hates to be thought so, tho from Head to Heel he is his own Cryer, and makes Proclamation of it. The Professors of all other *Crafts*, are commended, or decryed, by a veritable Character; but *Physicians* are safe under every Denomination; for the Good please some, the Bad others, and the Worst

Worst have their Admirers. The Doctrine of Fate and Predestination, is his great Assylum, for when with his Inartificial Slops and Emperical Nostums, he has emptied his Patients Pockets, and exhausted his Vital Spirits, he leaves him Gasping, saying, *His Time is come, God will have it so*, cover him up, and send for the Parson to give him his *Viascum*.

The Mechanick, or Scoundrel Whig Physician

IS a mixture of Broken Tradesman, Decayed Serving-Man, and Discarded Horstler; *Party per pale* Black Coat, and Blue Apron, who from curing Cut-Fingers, Kib'd Heels, or from administering Tobacco Clysters to cure Horses of the Botes, falls to practising upon Men, to get the Women new *Husbands*, and upon Women to recruit their Husband's crasie Credit, with another *Marriage Portion*; and in this kind of Piking both Sexes o'er the Perch, succeeds so luckily, that he soon arrives at the Honour of being called a *Physician*. He has no Learning, can scarce write his Name, but is well stocked with what serves his Purpose better, *Invin cible*

vincible Ignorance and Impudence, for which he is indebted neither to Men nor Books, for they were Born with him, and he has only fortified them by Use and Custom, and so there is as much difference between what he appears, and what he is, as between a Hot Whore in a Vizard Mask, and a Natural and well-temper'd Beauty. However he has his Excellency, and that is in *Holding forth* sometimes in a *Conventicle*, and especially in *conjuring* with a Urinal, and shaking it into a wonderful Discovery of the Patient's Distemper; when all experienced Men in Physick know, that this Pretence is a common Cheat, and no certainty at all to be gather'd from it, tho' you glare in the *Piss-pot* till you are blinded with the Steem of it; and yet so abominably fond are the deluded Mob of these Proceedings, that instead of communicating their Diseases to the Doctor by an Intelligible Messenger, or Writing, they Piss their Minds in their Water, and hazard their Lives on an Ambiguous Answer, which he Pumpt from, and returns back by her that brought it.

In this Cheating Bubling Trade, our Mechanick by his Pump, Screw, and Knavish Arts of *Confederacy*, has gain'd more Credit than is due to such an Illiterate *Ass*, who by peeping in the *Urinal*, presumes to tell you whether a Holy Sister

ſter be gravidated, the Sex in the Womb,
 who got it, the Parties Name, the place
 where ſhe lives, and even what *Religion*
 ſhe is of, with other *Secret Diſeaſes* be-
 longing to Women, not fit to be menti-
 on'd but in their Bed-chamber. If you
 ſend your Urinal to this *Piſs Prophet*,
 you muſt reſolve to be ſick, for he'll ne'er
 leave handling it, till he has ſhaked it
 into a Diſeaſe. If he viſit a *Patient*, he
 tells him his Diſtemper will be *Nothing*,
 and at the ſame time tells all his Relati-
 ons, he cannot eſcape without a Mira-
 cle; ſo that if the Patient recover, after
 the *Urinal-Jugler* has ſentenced him to
 Death, 'tis imputed to his powerful *Re-
 medies*, and if he Dies, it cries up the ex-
 cellency of his Judgment in *Fortune-tel-
 ling*, and that knew well enough what
 would become of him. See this *Impu-
 dent Hangman* ſtanding at a Sick Man's
 Bed ſide! How Magiſterially he looks,
 ſaying, *All is well*, when his Patient is
 Languiſhing by the Medicines he has gi-
 ven him. If the Poor Man complains he
 is ſcorched with Heat, *'Tis all for the bet-
 ter*, Nature is caſting out the Heat to cool
 the Vitals: If he ſays he is benumb'd
 with Cold, and Aguish Shiverings, *'Tis a
 good Sign*, he knew his *Juleps* would
 quench that extream Fire: Nay, when
 the Patient is almoſt dead, and has loſt
 his Speech, he ſays his Feaver is at extre-
 mity,

mity, and leaving him; and then steals off, and leaves the Patient Dying, with abundance of *good Signs and Tokens*. The Sick Man's Friends stop him, to see the Fit over. No! He cannot stay, Death and he have a Quarrel, and must not meet for fear of Blows, when he was only afraid the Corps should Bleed, because the Murderer was present.

*The Traveller, or Strawling
Whig Physician.*

HAVING Idled away a Hundred and Thirty Days, and Nine Hours beyond Sea, and brought Home a Fool at last; to quench the heat of his Phanatick Zeal and Lechery, he takes himself to a Wife without a Fortune, for a Cooler; and then as his last Shift, the poor Devil professes the *Practice of Physick* to maintain her. Here the *Medick* and the *Mendicant* are united in the same Person; and we may treat him like the Medicaster in *Plautus*.

Grip. Num Medicus quæso es?

Lab. Imo adipol una litera plus sum quam Medicus.

Crip. Tum tu Mendicus est?

Lab. Tisigisti Acu.

And

And so like the Physician *Eudemus*, is only qualified for a Pimp to some Right Honourable Personage, or to drudge out his Days in Misery. 'Tis a Wonder among all the *Dissenters* that he should want practice; being *Whig* Born, *Whig* Bred, *Whig* by Education, *Whig* by Practice; and as a Meritorious Act for the Propagation of the Species is ingeminated into the *Right strain* of Factionous Breeders, who seldom fail to promote the Interest of their Party. He has also made an Interest among all the *Noncon* Tubsters, to promulgate his Abilities among all the *Qualmish Sisters*; which like *Pocky Bills* plasted upon *Pissing Posts*, cry Work for a Mender of *Mangy Skins*, *Ulcers*, or *Fistula's* in *Ano*. He is also at Fee with *Bowds*, *Midwives*, and *Mercenary Nurses*. He runs about with *News* and *Lyes* against the Court. Hangs at the Fagg-End of *Whiggish Lords*. Speaks *Cramp Words* to the *Ladies*, stands Bare to the *Chamber-Maids*, Caresses the *Foot-men*, but is such an egregious *carry-Tale*, and *Lyar*; such a common *Makebate*, and *Dissembling Hollow-hearted Fawning Hypocrite*, that he is fit for no Company but his Brother *Notfallows*, with whom I'll leave him, till he that owns them both, shall call for 'em.

The Blustering Pendantick Poetical Physician.

IS a greater Proficient in Rhiming than Reasoning, and understands quantity in Verse, better than in *Pharmacy*; for tho' one be his Trade, the other next to Courting and Drinking is his Business. He sets up for a *Physitian*, by affronting *Galen* and *Hypocrates*; for a *Gentleman* in abusing his *Betters*, and for a *Wit* by shewing his want of *Manners*. He Rakes into other mens Lives, and stains their Learning and Reputation, makes them look like himself. By *Sordid Flattery*, and Vile Abuses, he strives to get himself a good Name, tho' all in Vain, for he has a Bad one already, that will last him his Life time. I know not whether to call him *Papist*, *Church-man* or *Whig*, being Specializ'd by no Name, but qualified for the worst of all, which I would not gratify him in, if any other appellation could render him more infamous. The *Mischance* of being a *Scholar*, has made him a degree and half above a Mad-man, and nothing but a severe *Bedlam* Course can bring him to his Senses. The *Press* is sometimes his *Mint*, for want of a Paltry

try *Patient*, and Stamps him now and then a *Six-pence* or two, in reward of the base Coin his Poetical *Pamphlet*. He is an *Ubiquitarian* in his Walks, and may be found any where, sooner than in his Study. He has much time lying by him, and knows not how to spend it; and were it not for the *Tavern*, the *Play-house*, and the *Bawdy-house*, he would die for want of *Employment*. In Physick he acts like a *Fencer*, and kills Men in *Teirce* and *Quart*, and then like a Poet, covers their *Groves*; and his own *Misdoings*, with an *Epitaph*. He is very familiar and frolicksom with his *Apothecary's Wife*, and because the Doctor is *Agent*, the Apothecary must be *Patient*, whom he makes amends, by writing long *Bills*, and keeping his sick *Patients* in long diseased *Sheets*, to do *Penance* for the Doctor's *Lechery*. His Practice is wholly among the *Female Sex*, whom he *Ogles* and *Banters* in the Pit, and wire-draws them into Sin, that he may share in their *Gaines*, by curing the *Diseases* that attend it. To recommend himself to the *Ladies*, he has always a *Distich* ready, in commendation of their *Lap-Dogs*, and often wishes himself in their Places. He pulls off his *Gloves* to shew his *White hand*, *Laughs* at all things, pleasant or serious, to shew his *White Teeth*, and throws back his *Wig*, to shew his *Eares* are on, and well adjusted,

adjusted. Sometimes he *Sings*, to delight the fair Sex, and sometimes *Sighs* to declare his *Passion*, or that the Devil keeps a *Dancing-School* in his Pocket, whom the Women are oblig'd to eject, by the appearance of an *Angel* for a retaining Fee, against they have occasion to be Sick, or lye from their *Husbands*. In short, he is *Duplices Professiones*, both *Merry Andrew* and *Mountebank*, and all his Art is *Delusion*; and if he's displeas'd with that Character, he must thank himself; for as he began to *Draw* without occasion given, so he's like to put up without other *Satisfaction*.

The Astrological Whig Physician.

THAT has Twelve Houses of his own in *Heaven*, and never a one upon *Earth*, to Eat, Drink, or Sleep in, is a meer *Insect* of Idleness, a Stationary Gipsy, a Maggot bred in *Lily's Nose*, or *Gadbury's Posteriors*, and smells as Rank of Fool and Knave, as the Bub of a *Partridge* at Pairing-time. He can't be rankt among the *Whigs* in point of Religion, for he has none at all, and 'twould ruine his Practice of *Figure-slinging* to be thought to have any; and therefore must

E be

be placed among the Politick *Whigs*, that fright the foolish World with incredible Fears, and invisible Dangers; that talk of nothing but *Earth-quakes*, *Blazing-Stars*, *Dreadful Comets*, and raise such *Predictions* from them, as will gratify the Itch of a Seditious Party, and kindle Combustions among a mal-contented People, who delight to hear of *Revolutions* and Disturbances, rather than enjoy a continued Peace and Prosperity. This *Sor* pretends to know every thing, but what concerns himself, and in that is the ignorantest *Ass* in the Kingdom. He knows (if you have so little sense to believe him) all the Transactions in the *Starry Regiment*, can Calculate the Fate of Kingdoms, and calls himself a *Privy-Councillor* in the Superior Regions; but knows not when propitious *Jupiter* will oblige him with a New Pair of *Sbooes*, or *Mercury* bring him Money to mend his *Old ones*. He can direct other Men to find *Hidden Treasure*, while himself wants repairs both at *Heels* and *Elbows*. He knows all the Intrigues between *Mars* and *Venus*; but not the *Chandler* that Cuckolded him for a Farthing worth of *Oat-meal*. He knows who broke his Neighbour's House, but not who laid his *Tail* at his own Door. He knows all your wants and wishes, and can infallibly resolve all your doubts, by a *Horary Question*.

Question. If your *Wife* or *Miss*, be Six Months gone with *Child*, he can tell you, that in three more, in all probability, she will be *Delivered*; and if your *House* be ready to fall on your *Head*, that 'tis time to remove to another. He knows all the *Grand Secrets*, and *Occult Qualities* in *Nature*; as why a *Fly* should have *Six Legs*, and an *Elephant* or *Dromedary* but *Four*! why a *Cat* when she is pleas'd Erects her *Tail*, and a *Dog* Wags his cross his *Stern*? Why *Crabs* go backward, and *Lice* move forwards? With other useful and wonderful *Phenomena's*. If the *Question* be in *Physick*, he knows all your *Distempers* as perfectly by his *Astrological Scheme*, as if he had travell'd through your *Stomach* and *Guts* to Supervise your *Intrails*. He can Cure *All Diseases* tho' a *Hundred miles* off, by *Sigills*, *Charms* and *Telefman's*; but is ready to drop to *Pieces* with the *Pox*, and cannot Cure himself. In brief, among all the *Fry of Fools* and *Knaves*, *Sharks* and *Cheats* that pretend to be *Physicians*, the *Astrologer* is the most incurable *Coxcomb*, and errantest *Impostor*: From others you have something for your *Money*, but from him nothing but *Death* and *Damnation* for Deserting your *God*, and the *Directions* of his *Holy Oracles*, to Consult with the *Devil* by *Proxy*.

The Chymical Whig Physician.

IS an *Extract* of *Enthusiastick* Fopperies; the *Essence* of a Formal *Hypocrite*; the *Quintessence* of a Broken *Tradesman*; the *Elixir* of *Ignorance*, distilled from the *Acida Insipida* of *Paracelsus's* Nose in the height of his *Lunacy*, when he boasted of making *Man Immortal*, and died himself at *Two and Thirty*: All these *Petrified* in the *Lake Lemain*, at length produced the *Lapis Infernalis* of a *Chymical Physician*; which gilded over with the *Diceit* and *Saintship* of a starch'd *Whig*, has advanc'd many *Impudent* and *Illiterate Mechanicks* to the *Dignity* of *Doctors*, and they think it as much their *Due*, as if they had *Learning* to deserve it. The most remarkable of them all, is the *Canting*, *Confident Whig* *nomlaS*, who by obliging the *Ignorant*, with a *Heap* of *Corrupt Translations* and *Family Pills*, has work'd himself into an *Estate*, by sending his *Brother Whigs* on *Dead Mens Errands*. He has *Rummaged* all the *Treasures* of *Nature*, to find out the *Gas fixe* *Ens Sulphuris*, which he gives in large quantities to his *Brethren*, that by accustoming their *Bodies* to the use of *Brimstone* here,

here, they may better endure it in another World; for so *Misbridates* made himself *Unpoyssonable*. By Eves dropping a Conclave of *Newington Phylosophers*, he has attain'd the Art of making *Eeles of Horse-hair* steep'd in Water, and will oblige the *Royal Filbery* with the *Process*, for the good of the Subscribers. By Indefatigable pains, and continual Study in Hidden Sciences, he has grop'd out the *Mysterious Art of Coschinomancy*, Anglice *the Seive and Scissars*, and intends to publish it next *Term*, as a Supplement, to help sell his *Practice of Physick*; that the Impression may not be converted (like his other Works) into *Wast Paper*. How much are we obliged to this *Semi bovem-que Virum*, and *Semi virumque Bovem*, half *Quack*, half *Tubster*, or *Kirleus* and *B---ges* blended into an *Individuum Vagum*. He that shews the height of his Learning, in Canting, Snaphling, and commending himself and his *Medicines* in an unintelligible Dialect: Which must be attributed to the Heat of his Furnace, and the Fumes of *Piss*, *Sutt*, and *Sulpher*, which have *Exsiccated* his Brains, and sence can't be expected from him, till they have been *Refrigerated* in the *Ditch side Augasduct*. He has more *Quixotisms* in *Chimistry*, than Prince *Butler* in *Polickicks*, or his Brother *Dick Stafford* in *Divinity*: Is as near gaining the *Phylosophers Stone*,

as *Van Helmont* the *Universal Mediciner*, and nothing but *Fleet-Ditch* stands betwixt him, and *Mountains of Diamonds*. All his Medicines are *Hermetical Preparations*, and to name them looks like *Conjuring*. He has an *Essence* of the *Sun*, a *Milk* of the *Moon*, an *Extract* of the *Seven Stars*, the *Humidum Radicale* of *Metals*, the *Balsom* of *Flint*, the *Magistery* of *Pearls*, the *Elixer* of *Life*, the *Rosy Crucian Pantarva*, and the *Soul* of this *World*, and that in the *Moon*: All which are to be sold in his *Elaboratory*, at the price of your *Lives* and *Fortunes*, if you swallow them; and will keep good (if ever they were so) as long as a *Whig* can retain a *Secret*, a *Poet* keep *Money*, or *nomlaS* himself within the *Bounds* of *Truth* and *Honesty*, who is no more to be believed, when he boasts of his *Cures*, than the *Devil* if he should expound upon the *Gospel*; but I have taken more pains with him, than he is worth, and therefore must set him aside, to make room for,

*The Stately Methodical Whig
Physician, or*

A Grave Sir in a Gilded Chariot, with two Laced Liveries, to bespeak his Grandure, and raise the Price of his Visits, who boasts that with Opium, and Jesuits Powder, he can cure all Diseases, which he but Palliates for a time, and then sends them to sleep with their Fathers. He enters your Chamber with a Close Mouth, but an Openhand, for like Balsams Ass, he will not speak, till he has seen three Angels; and then leaving a Scrawl to his Apothecary, which he can Read but cannot Construe, the Don is in haste to go to a Conventicle, but has order'd his Lacquey, to call him out again as soon as he is set, as if to a Patient; when 'twas only to Bubble the Congregation into an Opinion that he is a Man of Great Practise, and the Holder-Forth takes the Hint, and prays aloud for his Success: Which in the Modern Phrase of Physicians, is crying Work for the Tinker. For this Service the Non Con has his Dinner with the Doctor, and they drink Wine so long, till both their Noses are as Red and Fiery, as if they had been made

by a Drunken *Smith*, that after he had *Forg'd* them, forgot to *Quench* 'em, and then the *Vultures* take their Flights for New Quarrey, to make work for one another. Among one Hundred of these *Methodical Quacks*, you shall scarce find five *Rational Physicians*: Their *Ne plus Ultra* in *Acute* diseases are *Jesuits Bark*, and *Opium*. In *Chronical* Distempers, the *Milk Dyet*, the *Steel Course*, and *Mineral Waters*. As for *Purgings*, *Glystering*, *Blistering*, and *Bleeding*, they are fortuitously Directed according to the *Doctors Caprichio*; and lastly the *Cordial Course*, which is *Spirit of Harts-horn*, and *Spirit of Piss Succinated*. Now for *Physicians*, who pretend to be *Medici Legales dogmatici*, *Rationales*, and *Veri Methodici*, and yet tye up themselves only to five *Spurious Remedies*, is as much *Muntebanking* in their *Coaches*, as vending *Orvietan* on a *Stage* is. Our *Patient* is now in a *Course*, and as the *Dutchman* says, being *Ship'd* with the *Devil*, must go over with him; however, finding the *Vessel* is over-laden with *Bark*, a Consult is desired to drive out the *Jesuite*; who after laying their Learned Heads together, seeing the *West-Indies* would not afford them a remedy against the *Jesuites Bark*, the *East-Indies* shall, and now comes in the *Goa Stone*, tho' they neither know what it is, nor the use of it, it must be thrown at the

Jesuits

Jesuite. The Consult are agreed, being all in a Confederacy, to employ none but those of the same Gang. *Flectere Si ne quo, Superos Acheronta movebo.* He can but dye, and therefore they take the opportunity of making *Experiments*, at the cost of the *Patients Life*; and these Doctors having the Supreme Authority of *Physick*, none dare question 'em, for fear of falling into their *Physick Inquisition*: Whereas another would have been hang'd for half the Barbirity they used against him: For these and many other *Reasons*, (I suppose) the *Babylonians*
 * Banish'd all Professors of *Physick* out of their Dominions; and *Rome* * likewise
 * *Herodot l. 1.*
 * *Bodinus de Republ. p. 513.*
 kept out all *Physicians* Six Hundred Years together, and in that time enjoy'd a greater degree of *Health*, by the Natural Dictates of their *Reasons*, and Experience of *Familiar Remedies*, and Regulating their *Diet*, than ever they did since their *Admission*; and therefore I shall pray with *Parson Ball*, at the tying on of his *Sword*, pray God I may never have occasion to use them, for to live *Physically* is to live *Miserably*.

*An Amphibious Latitudinarian,
Aldermanlike Whig.*

IN the Country he wears the Title of a Right Worshipful Sir *Something*, that Sprung up from *Nothing*; but being laid Cross the Shoulders with a *Knight-hood*; his Horn is exalted above his Neighbours. His Father was a Man of good *Stock*, tho' but a *Grafter*; he bought the *Land*, and his Son the *Title*; and the next Generation returns his Family into their Original. His Study is the Fashion of his *Cloaths*. His Religion *Whiggism*, which like *French Postage* is made up of every thing. A *May-Pole* is his apt Resemblance, which is *Rootless* for want of *Principles*, *Sapless* for want of *Wit*, and *Fruitless* for want of *Charity*, with a *Weather Cock* on the Top, changing with every Wind of *Doctrine*; who being now level'd with the Ground, I must seek his Counterpart in another Place and Station. In a City our *Latitudinarian* has clim'd up into *Alderman*; and being wrapt in *Furr*, and tyed to a *Gold Chain*, becomes Venerable in his Authority, and Right Honorable among the *Whigs*, for his Native Instability, and Neutrality, and his *Pliability*.

ableness in Bending either in the House of God or Rimmon. To shew he is of no Religion, he professes to be a Friend to all, and thinks there is not a Pin to choose, between the *Bible* and the *Alcoran*! He would be wholly a *Christian*, but that he is something of an *Atheist*, and would be wholly an *Atheist*, but that he is partly a *Christian*. He would be a *Churchman*, but for the Severities of *Mortification*, and the Doctrine of *Resurrection*, and cannot be a *Presbyterian*, because he has not a *Constitution* fit for *Long Prayers*, nor the *Stool* of *Repentance*. *Independant Expositions*, and *Lectures*, would take up too much of his time; and the *Quakers* *Silent Meetings* in a *Barn*, would unqualify him for shewing his *Oratory* and *Eloquence* on the *Bench*; and therefore he calls himself a *Latitudinarian Whig*, and that answers all things. Every *New Religion* Scares him from a former, but none has power to perswade him to it self. He finds *Reason* in all *Opinions*, but *Truth* in none, and leads his *Life* accordingly. His *Estate* alone has *Elected* him into the *Highest Post* in the *Common Hall*, for had he not been worth *Thousands* in *Cash* or *Ware*, he never have rose above the *Degree* of a *Beadle*, by his *Undertanding* or *Interest*. However he is *Ambitious* of a *Name*, and therefore lays no stress upon *Honour* and *Conscience*; but Wags his Tail upon every

every mean *Cit*, that Spits in his Mouth by Flattery; and is never any thing, but what his *Profit* and his *Company* make him. Among *Churchmen*, he is what they say of *Chine* of *Beef*, *Pont*, *Pheasant*, *Partridge*, or whatever else will Relish with their curious *Palates*. The *King's* Health in their *Company* goes down as Glibly as his *Mistresses*; which at other times would go down with as much difficulty, as his *Wive's*, or a Cup of *Sour Sixes*. If a *Courtier* makes him a *Visit*, the *Velvet Chair*, and a *Flask of Florence*, shews how kindly he takes it, and to make him some *Requital*, there shall be no discourse against the *Ministry*, or *Mis-managements*, at his *Table* for *Four* and *twenty* hours afterward. He tells the *Courtier* how well the *City* and their *Wives* are Govern'd; and forgets not to mention his own share in the *Settlement*; but no sooner are his *Gown* and *He* removed into an *Apartment* where the *Whigs* are stowed, but he lays aside his *To'ster end o'st Town Face*, and slips on his *Magistral Phiz*, and Salutes his Brethren in *Mood* and *Figure*. If they reprehend him for going sometimes to *Church*, he excuses it, as being a *Magistrate*, and must Act *Politickly*: That he is in *Conscience* against the *Church*, and goes thither only for his *Conveniency*, to be a *Spy* upon that *Party*, and asks God forgiveness

ness for going to *Prayers* among them; and goes to the *Conventicle* in the Afternoon, to make one part o'th day *Scandalize* the other. Thus like a *State Jack of all Trades*, he appears Godly from the Teeth outward, by putting the *Cheat* upon himself, and his Admirers. He sees two *Parties* contending for superiority, and therefore thrusts his Nose in the back-sides of both the *Pretenders*; that whoever Wins the day, he may put in for a Friend to the *Prevailing Party*. His *Politicks* have also the perfections of the *Whig*: He cannot take the *Oaths* to the *Government*, nor the *Eucharist* from a *Church Man*, but as a *Qualification* to an *Office of Profit*, and so he would take it in *Lambs Wool*, and at *Constantinople* would be *Circumcised* with a *Reservation*. He discovers his *Allegiance* by repeating *Misdemeanors*, and in finding Faults without any desire to mend them; but on all occasions, takes advantage to *Cram* and *Canker* all Men of a *Steady Loyalty*. Accordingly he divides his Life, between *Restless* apprehensions, *Doubts* never to be resolved, *Deliberations* that can never take effect, and starting *Notions* in *Government*, that no mortal Man understands any further, than a *Superinducing* one *Confusion* upon another, and encountering *Lesser Evils* with *Greater*: Which has given him the Character of a *States-*

man Revers'd, or a Christian with the
wrong side Outward.

*The Senceless, Upstart, Whig Coun-
try Gentleman.*

IS an Animal begot betwixt *Enthusiastick*
Dulness, and *Sophisticated* Reason, and
stole into the World when the Eye of
Providence was a sleep, to *Ridicule* the
whole *Creation*; and out-do *Africa* with
a Monster of a new Edition. His Name
in the *Lapland* Dialect is *Wosfallon*. He
has the Natural Privilege of a *Visor-mark*,
and his own *Face* effectually describes
him. His Strength is in his *Back*, and his
Weakness in his *Brain*, as if Nature had
cut him out for a *Stallion* to a *Brothel-
House*. His *Heels* are better mounted
than his *Head*, and for the Figure sake
might serve for *Basis* or *Capitol*. When
he walks, he Grunts like a *Sow* in Quest
of *Sun-Cake*, Waddles like a *Bear* in state,
and wants nothing but a *Rout* of *Boys* and
Bag-pipes to grace his solemn Entry to a
Conventicle, anglice, the *Bear Garden*.
When he Eates, you'd think all the *Cor-
morants* in the Universe were united in-
to one devouring *Cerberus*, to furnish the
rest of Mankind, and when the Booby
laughs

laughs you'd think a *Mandrake* groan'd, or a Bed of *Wormy Tands* were croaking their *Kespers*. His *Rickety* Head is swoln beyond a Symetrical Proportion, and was naturally adorn'd with *Carrots* of a right *Sandwich*-Hew, but now is cover'd with *Puntaak's* cast white *Wig* to disappoint the *Hoggs*, and keep his Fool's head from the Weather. His *Face* looks as if some ignorant *Carver* had cut it out of a *Dirty Turnip*, Skin'd it with the Hexagongy of a *Hony-comb*, and embellish'd his *Cheeks* with the *Blue* from his *Eyes*, to make the Figure more astonishing. His *Lips* are as green as a *Leek*, and have the Vertues of it also, in preserving his *Rotten Teeth* from *Gracing* the *Shoulder-Belt* of a *Core-Cutter*; but if this Description be too brief to know him by, you cannot miss the *Rake* every Noon hanging at a Lord's Arse in an *Eating-house*; with a Soul full of *Hypocrisy*, a Heart full of *Treachery*, a Mouth full of Commendation of *Oliver's* Usurpation, and *Lyes* against the present *Court*. A Belly full of *Claret*, a white *Wig* full of *Powder*, a Pocket full of *Papers* against the *Government*, and a Head Brim-full of *Emptiness*.

Heraldry knows nothing of his *Ancestors* on either side, for like *Mushrooms* they grew up in a Night of *Rebellion*, by Plundering the *Loyal Party*, and agreeably to his *Stock*, had this Miscellany of
Whig

Whig and *Publiſhon* his Education. When *Bulk* and want of *Brains*, rendred him fit for *Indentures*, he was put *Apprentice* to a *Woodmonger*, and when Seven Years of Eating and Drinking, and now and then a little Ditch-side *Whore*, to enter him, were accompliſh'd, he ſet up at *London*, Maſter of a great *Dogg*, a ſmall *Stack* of *Faggots*, and a *Lighter* of *Coals* about the bigness of a *Hogs Troſſe*; but this Sickly ſhew, not being able to ſupport his *Extravances*, according to the *Laudable Cuſtom* of the *City*, ſome *Woman* muſt be *Cheated*. To a *Marriage Broken Brother* he *Complains* for want of a *Wife*, to exalt his *Hornes* to an *Equal Height* with his *Neighbours*, who on paying the *Prime Coſt* for *Procuracion*, and *Mr. Scruples Fee* for aſſiſting the *Contrivance*, a *Plump Tarpolins Daughter*, newly *Rig'd*, *Waſh'd*, and *Tallowed*, is found out, and *Attack'd*: And tho' ſome *Friends* of the *Girles* oppos'd the *Match*, as unwilling that any thing ſhould *Marry* a *Baboon*, but what had been begotten by a *Monkey*; yet the *Devil's* two *Broker*, the *Holder Fortb*, and the *Solicitor*, having *Melted* down the *Mother* with *Evening Exerciſes*, long *Prayers*, *Fat Loins* of *Veal*, and *Repeated Drams* of the *Bottle*, and ſetting up the *Fop* as a *Stiff-Rumpt Whig*, and a *Zealous Conventicler*, the *Smithfield Bargain* was ſtruck up with the

the Mother, and the young Lump of *Whapping Zeal*, and *Breeding*, finding she had no other choice but the *Collier*, or a *Shipless Saylor*, she consented the former shou'd enter her *Poop*, and steer her, for *Better for Worse*, into the fatal Port, of an empty *Wood Wharf*, where tho' replenish'd soon after, by transmuting the *Saylor's Mistle* into a full stock of *Wood and Coals*, carrying a greater *Sail* than the slender *Smack* would bear, the Vessel sprung a *Leak* in her *Bread Room*, and the crazy *Mast* standing bent a while, at length *Snaps* asunder, the Vessel *Sunk* in the Harbour, and the *Quarter-part Master* and *Owner*, from the hopes of a *Livery Hood and Gown*, which was the height of his *Ambition*, was confin'd within the compass of a *Leather Jacket*, ecchoing about the streets *Great hard dry Faggots, five for Six pence, Faggots*. This Employ not agreeing with his *Body*, and being also above the reach of his *Brain* to manage; with his *Horse*, and *Cart*, his *Wife* and other *Lumber* of the House, he retired to *Fast and Pray* in the Country, for a *Translation* of his *Sires* into their Original *Dust and Ashes*, that he from a *Broken Trades Man*, might have a *Resurrection* into *Gentleman*.

The blind *Baud Fortune*, according to her usual Method of obliging *Fools*, with the help of a *Whig Doctor*, and the *Pray-*

ers of the *Canting* Tribe, sends his Grand-Sire and Father to their places, and removes the *Whifling Whig* out of *W——Shire* into *Hert——Shire*, and *Palmes* him upon that Country for a *Gentleman*, without any other qualification than a large Stock of *Whiggism*, *Hypocrisy*, and *Confidence*. Now he sets up for a man of figure, *Whig*, *Beau* and *Spark*, and uses all the modern Arts to accomplish himself for something to be talk'd on; and whereas in the days of his *Retrogradation*, he kept *Sneaking* company, such as had some remains of *Conscience* about them; that were afraid of being *Damn'd*, that went to *Hear*, Lay with their *Own Wives*, said *Grace* of an *Ell Long* before two *Eggs* and a *Sallad*; and in short, were *Errant Whig Christians*, without the least tincture of *Beau*, *Bully* or *Bravo* among them: He now peaches up into *Squire*, and *Worshipful*, and *Drinks*, as *Bloodily*; *Swears*, as *Damnably*; and *Whores*, as like a *Gentleman*, as is possible for a *Wood-mongers* Apprentice to attain to. He bids *Adieu* to the *Droanish* Custom of *Sober Whigs*, in *Kennelling* at *Twelve*, and *Rising* at *Eleven*; and now says the night was made for *Beasts* to *Rest* in, and *Sparks* to be *Pox'd* and *Revil* in; and therefore never *Nods* in *London*, but when there comes out a *Proclamation* against *Sleeping*, and then he takes a *Nap* of *Nine* hours long

long to *Affront the Government he lives by Sobriety and Temperance* he reckons among the number of the *Seven Deadly Sins*, and to distinguish himself from the *Lower Rate of Whigs*, boasts how often he has been *Flux'd*, and the great store of *Buboes* and *Shankers* he has had about him. Sometimes he shews you his *Face Broke* against the Posts of a *Tavern Door*, his *Collar Bone* dislocated, by being kick'd down stairs in a *Bandy-House*, and there's no question but one time or other, he'll have his *Brains* beat out to inform his *Judgment*, or be Run through the *Guts* by the *La——Shire Knight*, for *Cracking* and *Lying* of the favours he has received from his *Vertuous Lady*, and then the *World* will be Rid of one of its greatest *Incumbrances*.

Having made this start into *Gentleman*, his next *Affair* is to keep up that *Character* among the *Party*, by herding with all *Factions* against the *Government*, *Ecclesiastical* and *Civil*, and sets up for a *Drunken Saint*, tho' the *immodith Coxcomb* knows *Religion* is out of *Fashion*. The *Surname* of his *Self* is unknown in *Alexander Ross's View of Religions*; and tho' fools, make up the *Gutts* of all *Churches*, yet his *Life* is so *Scandalous* he is not own'd as a *Member* of any. His *Religion* consists in *Railing* against all *Governments* but *Oli-ver's*, and *curling* the *Whore of Babylon*

worse than the street *Crack* that clap'd him. He would be a *Presbyterian*, but for fear of the close stool of Repentance. An *Independant*, but that he has neither *Gifts* nor *Graces*, and thinks himself not *Fool* nor *Madman* enough yet to be a *Quaker*; tho' he has the Ill manners of 'em all, in bespattering the *Court*, notwithstanding he Lives upon the *Alms-Basket* of the *Treasury*.

The Stomach of an *Ostridge* is a Type of his Conscience, and his pretended *Generosity*, is like the dissembled Compassion of a *Crocodile*. Whomsoever he fawns on he *Devours*, and swallows *Lands*, *Tenements* and *Stewardships*, like a *Jugler* Knives, without ever *choaking* him. Two things he never kept in his life, *Fast-days*, nor *Promises*, and his *Words* being but wind, he never scruples breaking 'em *Upwards* in good *Faith*, nor *Downwards* in good *manners*. *Honesty* he looks upon as a *Starving* Notion, next Door-Neighbour to *Beggary*: *Conscience*, like the *Small-Pox*, haunted him when he was young; but since he came to years of *Maturity* and *Business*, seeing it *Interfere* with his *Interest*, he gave it a *Wring* by the *Nose*, and *Kicks* it down *Stairs*, that it might not *Disturb* his company. To entitle him to the Office of a *Publican* (which his security e're long will dearly suffer for) he makes a shew of good *Husbandry*,
which

which is indeed but the effects of his Necessities; and therefore tho' he gives his Brother *Whigs*, their Bellies full of *Bacon* when they come to see him, he makes them so drunk before they go that they *Spew* it up again, which serves his *Dogs* for a *Meal*, and so looses little by his *Entertainments*. He holds the Scale of *Justice* as *Blindly*, as the *Goddeſs* that was born so; shews his *Wisdom* most in his *Silence*, and does his *Country* best service in his *Absence*. His *Severity* is all against *Regretors* and *Fore-stallers*, and cares not if they *Raise* the *Devil*, so they don't *Raise* the *Market*. His *Servants* are in as many *Shapes*, and *Employments*, as if their *Master* was a *Magician*; for the same person that *Rigs* his *Worship* for the *Bench*, serves the *Dogs* in the *Kinnel*. To save the expence of keeping a *Clerk* he writes his *Warrants* himself, from an ill *President*; but when he has done can't *Read* them, without the assistance of that *Catholick Utenſil* he calls his *Secretary*, his *Valet*, his *Butcher*, his *Groom*, his *Dog-keeper*, his *Every thing*: And therefore hangs him behind his *Coach*, to be serviceable upon all *Publick* occasions; to wipe his *Master's Shooes*, or assist his *Wood-mongers* *Worship* in *Rectifying* *Abuses* and *Mismanagements*. Of all the *Senceless* *Animals* that attend him, his two *Black Mares* have the *Constantest*, tho' not the

Sweetest Imployment, who carry *Dung* to th' field all the *Week*, and to th' *Church*, or *Church Meeting-house* on *Sundays*.

Being thus accomplish'd for a *Worshipful Shustice of the Peace*, and the t'other thing too, *Quorum*, tho' he no more understands the meaning of it in *English*, than if it was *Arabick*: To compleat the Character of a *Finish'd Fop*, he also sets up for a *Wit*, by swearing with a *Bonne Grace*, telling *Baudy* stories, and convincing all the *World*, that he has no *Sence*, no *Learning*, no *Religion*, no *Good Nature*; but boasts of being a *Sott*, and having the *Pox* five times, that he may be admired for something. Old Fools and Fops that set up for *Wits* and *Rakes*, are the Directors and Governors of his *Life*, and he despises all *Man-kind*, that are not arrived at his Pitch of *Gallantry*. He looks upon't as an *Unpardonable* sin, to be without a *Ribbon* round his *Waist*, tho' a *Halter* would better become his *Neck*, for honest men than he have been hang'd. He calls all Men *Clowns* that offer to Brush the *Powder* from their *Coats*, that han't a *Useless Sword*, with a *Dangling Ribbon* down to their *Sbooes*, and a juicy *Dab* of *Snot* and *Snush*, at the end of his *Snout*, and a fine *Silk Waistcoat* and *Bretches* to wipe it on, in the absence of an *Indian Handkerchief*. He is a great admirer of all *Women's Companies* but his *Wife's*, tho' he smells so *Rank* that he

is

is scarce able to be endured in Mens. He *Chuckles* at the sight of a *White Peticoat*, like a *Turkey-Cock* at a *Red one*; yet could never attain to any above the degree of a *Common Street Walker*; for the *Woman* that would grant this *Pole Cat* the favour of a *Run*, without giving him the *Pox* in Requital, would scarce deny one to the *Devil*. He has a *Hundred* ways of getting *Money*, and a *hundred and fifty* of spending it, besides *Eating, Drinking, and Wenching*. viz. in *Galloping* from *Town* to *Town*, and from *Conventicle* to *Conventicle*, to buz *Fears* and *Jealousies* among *Citizens*; *Factions* among *Country Gentlemen*, and *Sedition* among the *common People*: *Coaching* it from *Taverns* to *Eating-houses*, and thrusting himself into the company of *Titulado's* at the *Price* of *Paying* all the *Reckoning*. In the *Country* he lives like a *Hawking, Setting, Hunting Fool*, that rides many a *Mile* y^th' *Dirt* for a purchase like himself, neither worth the *time*, nor *trouble*, that I have bestowed upon him; for striving to correct a *Blockhead* by *Satyr*, which describes him to others, while he turns away his *Eyes* from seeing his own *Picture*, is like rayling to a *Deaf-man*, and therefore 'twould be a pleasure to men of *Wit* and *Honour*, and for *Publick Vengeance*, if this fool in a *Frame*, had some feeling, and were *Sensible* when he is corrected. However,

if this don't *Reform* him, and cause him to make *Restitution*, the next *Setting* shall produce his *Effigies*, more to the Life than this is, and give you his Name in words at length, and not in figures. In the mean time I will describe his favourite *Dance*, which he goes three or four miles to hear, in contempt of the *Worthy Minister* of his own *Parish*.

The Church Whig, or the Ecclesiastical Bifarius.

IS the Off-spring of *Ignorance* and *Non-conformity*, who being Dicted a while in a *Country School*, upon *Rules*, *Exceptions*, and tedious Repetitions of *Amo's* and *Tullies*, till he had learn'd how *Phaeton* broke his Neck, how many Apples *Tyrtius* had for his Supper, and understood *Homers* Commendations of *Achilles*'s Toes, and the *Gracians* Bootes; knew a *Hexameter* from a *Pentameter*, a *Sponde* from a *Dactil*, and could fit them without *Sence* to his *Fingers-end*; tho' his *Parts* were contemptible, and the *Purses* of his Friends at too low an *Ebb*, to maintain him like a Scholar: To the *University* he must go for a little *Logick*, and *Ethicks*, and is Predestinated by his Relations to be a *Large-man*, in hopes that a *Benefice* where *Henry the* eight

Eight had not been too busy with his *Toll Dish*, but that yet there remain'd some *Good-Land*, that Afforded *Milk* and *Honey*, might be the Portion of our Juvenile intended Levite. Now that success might answer the desires of his *Parents*, and that the *Babe of Grace* might not Surfeit on *Human Learning*, the Tutor employs him in *Bed making*, *Chamber-Sweeping*, and *Water-fetching*, that the *Sixars Brains* might not be over heated with too much *Vain Philosophy*. Having suck'd in about Six or Seven mouthfuls of *Univerfity Air*, exactly learnt to Respond to *Quid est Logica*, and *Quot Sunt Vertutes Morales*; with *Burgurdicius*, *Eustachius*, and such Excellent Help Meets in *Divinity* in his Coat Pocket; down he goes by the first *Carrier* on the Top of a *Pack*, into the Country to Propagate the Gospel, and by that time he can say his *Predicaments*, and his *Creed*, you find him in a *Pulpit*; for now he has the Choice of *Preaching* or *Starving*: *Tho' it had been* Ten times better for the Lad and the *Church*, that he had been made a *Tooth Drawer*, or a *Porter*. Some Poor Starv'd *Vicar*, that ne're could keep a *Curate* in his Life, gives him a *Title* to *Ordination*, and then a Neighbouring *Knight* takes him into his Family, at the Price of *Ten Pounds a year*, and a *Sunday Pudding*, to perform *Holy Offices*, and spoil his *Children* by making him their *Tutor*. Being

a Stranger to the House, and a Decent Behaviour, my Cousin Abigail out of Charity, and in hope of the Benefit of her Clergy, instructs him in the knowledge of a Chaplains Duty, viz. That he must never speak in the Parlour but at Grace and Prayer time, and be sure with a Low Bow to Rise in time from the Table, take away his Plate, and march off with his Hat under his Arm, and cleave a Logg into Billets, for the Parlour Fire, whilst the Knight, my Lady, and her Children, eat up the Chickens, Tarts, and Custards, and then calls in the Chiplin to Dismiss them. This obligation upon the young Levite, gives him a liking to Mrs. Abigail, which she Cherishes with the Remains of her Ladies Caudles, and the Pills of her China Oranges, and lays the Foundation of his Ruin. To please his Mistress, and gain the Vicarage that is Entail'd upon her Office by the Custom of the Manner, he is sometimes found Cracking Nutts, and Reading in his Study, and having luckily discover'd a Vacuum in his Upper Room, he fills it with Learned Jargon, Materia Prima, Occult Qualities, and Atoms, which the Lady of the House observing, she breaks out in his Commendation. Truly the Young Man is much improv'd, since he came into our Family. The Ladies good Word, the Knight's good Nature, and Mrs. Abigail's Apron Strings growing too short, prefer him

him at once to a *Benefice*, and a *Belly-piece*, where the All Wise *Patron*, and the All Understanding adjoining *Justice*, being both Severe and Sour *Whigs*, the *Chipling* to gain their Favours, and Reassume what he was bred to, sets up for a *Church Whig* also, and leaves nothing unattempted that may shew his Respects to the *Dissenting Party*. Now he sets up for a *Conforming Dissenter*, and carries the fair *Outside* of a Man, and is an errant *Knave* in his Heart: One that indifferently divides his Body and his Soul berwixt *Right* and *Wrong*: The Government has his *Head* and *Puritanances*, and the Schism his *Affections*. He is externally a *Church of England-Man*, but inwardly a *Phanatique*, and his own Judgment Condemns his Practice, which he Dispenses with, to make Friends of the *Unrighteous Mammon*. At first he bowed towards the *Altar*, and now if their *Worships* are absent, to Goodman *Webb*, and Goodman *Bland*, and the best *Yeomanry* of the Parish. He divides his good Wishes equally between the *King* and his *Patron*, but prays for the former in the *Desk*, and the latter in the *Pulpit*. He *Huddles* over the *Prayers* of the *Church*, as if he was *Riding Post*, and long'd to be at the end of his Journey; but is very Devout and Deliberate in his own *Extempore Belchings*, as if want of *Sence* made 'em acceptable to God, as well as

to

to his Ignorant *Auditors*. He sets his Face by their Worships Glasses, casts his Shapes in their Mould, and serves the *VVbig Dons* in all Offices. Prays and Expounds in their Families, Writes their Leases, Bonds, and *VVarrants*, and gives them Glysters when they are *Costive*; which with Collecting his TythPigs, Calves, and Geese, and his Egges and Easter Offerings, takes up so much of his time, that he has scarce Leisure to steal an Old Parliament Sermon, and therefore Stuffs his Memory with harsh Metaphors, Childish Similitudes, and Misapplied Tales of Tubs, that serve him as well on all occasions. He has however an Excellent Knack (as they call it) in Preaching of such Gibberish as it is, and is always Provided. If a Text lies at Sculk all the Week, and will not be found to be Rived in Pieces before Saturday Night, or Sunday Morning, he then Climbs up to it by Six Steps, as Solomon ascended to the Ivory Throne, or else goes down to it, as Moses from the Hill of Sinai, and whereever he finds it Splits it into pieces, to make it look like something. If it be a Soft Text, and does not Drop a sunder of it self, he Crumbles it into Morfels between his Fingers, to feed the Brood of Chickens assembled. If like Medow Hay the Text be long, he Chops it for the tender Calves, and gives the Oarts to the Strong Bulls of Bashan. If the Text be

Free Timber, he divides it into as many parts, as there are Words or *Letters* in the whole ; but if it prove *Knotty*, he divides it (*Beloved*) into *One* part, and then it looks like *Rachel and Leah*, or like *Abraham at his Tent Door* ; like *the Dove* that *Noah* sent out of the *Ark* to look for fair Weather ; like a *Carpenters* pair of *Stradling Compasses*, or an *Orchard of Pomegranets*. He is mighty *Provident* in *Husbanding* the Words of the *Text* ; and from a *Monasillable*, like a *Conjurer* can *Raise* many *Points of Doctrine and Observation*. If the Word *And*, sits in his *Text*, 'tis like *Matthew at the Receipt of Customs* ; or like *Zoar*, 'tis but a little Word, and observes from it, *That small things must not be disregarded*. If he encounter the Word *But*, standing or *Travelling* in his *Text*, 'tis like *the Man going to Jericho*, and it *Preaches* to you *Caution* and *Comfort*, first *Caution* and shews that this *But* is such a *Butte* that you cannot *Hiss* it, unless *Free Grace* direct your *Arrow* ; and secondly for your *Comfort*, 'tis a *Butt* of *Excellent Wine*, and then falls to *Broaching* it. Sometimes he shews his *Wit* in *Jingling* with Words, and his *Learning* by false *Concord* and *Quantity*, and then opens his *Treasury of Tales* *Metaphors* and *Similies*, wherein the *Almighty* himself is in danger of being *Blasphem'd*, if the *Metaphor-Monger* had not the *Art* of bringing himself off, with a
Limping,

*Limping, As it were, As I may so say, and Salving all by hobling in, with Reverence be it spoken. Then to humor the Factious he Groans, Leaps, Hurls and lays about him, in Railing Bloodily against Pluralities, and wishes the Clergy as many Wives as Benefices. Non Residence he Confutes by that plain Text of Scripture, *Abraham begat Isaack*, which is as Convincing as Demonstration it self; for had *Abraham* not Resided, but discontinued from *Sarah* his Wife, he could never have begot *Isaac*, which sets 'em all a Groaning in the Middle-Isle, worse than at the Burials of their Fathers, or Husbands, or at the News of *Cherry's* miscarrying of a *White-fac'd Calf*: Which with a Sober Word or two against the Government, and setting out his own Losses by the Tax upon Births and Burials, which kept young Men from Getting Children, and old Men from Dying to save the King's Duty, he concluded the Preachment, and the Masters of the Parish in Commiseration of his suffering, charitably Order the half-Fac'd Brother, a Recruit out of the Poores Rate; in a grateful Commemoration whereof, he resolves at the first opportunity to burn the Cover of the Font to boil his *Lauke Porrage*; to let the *Common Prayer Book* fall into the Dirt, to spare the Trouble of Reading it; and to Fare out the Surplis into Necessaries for the Family, to shew his Zeal against Popery, and*

his

his *Aversion* to *Ceremonies*, and so much shall serve for this *Time* and *Text*, next *Lords-Day* you shall have him again with a *New one*.

*A Slasher, or a Tirannical Ignorant
Pedagogue.*

IS an *Essence* that stands in need of a *Double Definition*, for he is nothing related to the Man he would appear to be. He is a *Tyrant* in a *Common-wealth* of *Boys*, and arm'd with a *Rod* and *Ferula*, is more insolent, and *Arbitrary*, than a *Universal Monarch* with his *Sword* and *Scepter*: And we need not wonder at *Dionisius*, the *Tyrant*, who being expelled his *Kingdom*, and getting to be *Master* of a *School*, should choose that *Soverignty* for the more *Voluptuous Dominion*. *Beating* of *Children* about their *Books*, has always been decry'd by the wisest *Philosophers*, when they understood it no further than the pleasure of *Revenge*; but what would they have said of a *Punishment*, which serves a *Viler Affection*, and may be numbred among those *insanities* and those *excesses* that are not to be named among *Christians*, without borrowing the *Cleanly* expression of the *Incomparable Hudibras*.

The

*The Pedant on the School Boys Breeches;
Does claw and curry his own Itches.*

A Man cannot speak without *Shame* of this *Abominable Vice*, nor expose this *Malady to Cure*, without reproaching *Man-kind*, and giving such *Instances*, as would render the *Malefactors* the *Hated Objects* of all the *World*; the *Master* is *Idle*, takes no *Pains*, and has no *Patience*, and the *Child* is *Chastiz'd* for the pleasure of gratifying a *Base and Unnatural Appetite*: And Catches at a fault in a *Boys Construing*, to please himself in *Inflicting the Punishment*. The fault once *Sprung*, the *Bird* is seized, the *Flesh* is made *Bare*, and how does the *Fer-Faulon* *Pearch* over it; and Commit a *Sin*, besides that of *Cruelty*, that *Nature* abhors the thoughts of; and which *Quintilian* assigns as a *Reason* for the *Total Abolition* of such a *Barbarous and Intuman Custom*, in words which much affected me: *Fam si minor in diligendis Custodum et Præceptorum moribus suis Cura; pudet. Discere in quæ Probra nefandi hominis. isto cædendi jure abutantur, non morabar in parte hominis hæc. Nimum est quod intelligenitur.* I will not *English* it, because 'tis the *Sore* I would fain have to be *Remedied*; and for the sake of which I have made this *Digression*: That the *Persons* concern'd might *Reform*, before they are more

Exposed

Exposed, or a *Law* be promulg'd to *Restrain* and *Punish* it.

His milder Character is a *Silly Animal* in *black*, with a *Band* as broad as a *Slabbering Bib*, and serves for that purpose ; A *Steeple-Crown'd Hat*, with broad *Brim*s, which shews he is flying into *Deacon's Orders*, and with good *Friends* may be *Preferr'd* to be a *Reader*: Or he is a *Fardle of Words* (for he never had meaning in his *Life*) bound up in *Calves Skin*, and *Letter'd* on the back, *Ludi Illiterarij*. His *Soul* is drown'd in *Flesh*, and is the most dangerous *Creature* in the *World*, for confirming of an *Asbeist*: Who would *Swear* it was nothing but the *Temperature* of his *Body*: His *Thoughts* never reach beyond his *Eyes*, and all his *Faculties*, like *Restive Fades*, cannot be *Spur'd* to the Pursuit of any commendable *Quality*. His *Tongue* always runs before his *Wit*, in *Mood* and *Figure*, and *Lilies Lex* in *Sermone tenenda* cannot stop it. *Ignorance*, and *Gross Feding*, are his *Founders*; *Railing Rabbies*, and wide knee'd *Breeches* are his *Nurses*, and his *Life* is but a borrowed *blast of Wind*, for between two *Religions*, as between two *Doors*, he is always *Whistling*. He is averse to all kinds of *Government*, and yet thinks it no less than *Treason*, to say the *Nominative Case* does not *Govern* the *Verb*, or that the first *Supine* has no *Active Signification*; but af-

ter all, should the Laws *Ecclesiastical* enjoin the wearing clean *Shirts*, he would be *Lowly* rather than *Conform* to a cleanly Command. His Memory is exercised in setting his *Pbiz* in a Form of good *Literature*, and he neither *Coughs*, nor *Spits*, nor blows his *Nose*, but by a Rule in *Grammar*. His *Learning* was thrown into him *Glyster Wise*, and therefore he speaks *Sentences* more Familiarly than *Sence*; Writes true *Latin*, but false *English*; and is a *Stranger* in no part of the World so much as in his own Country. He gives Rules for Husbandry from *Virgils Georgicks*, for Breeding Cattle from his *Bucolicks*. Teaches Stratagems in *War*, from *Cæsars Commentaries*, and *Keckermans Logick* furnishes him with an Unanswerable *Ergo*. His motion on Foot is a *measure*, on Horseback a *Gallop*, for his *Legs* are his own, but his *Horse* and *Spurrs* were borrowed. There went but a Pair of *Shoers* between him and a *Non Con Preacher*; and both their Misfortunes is not so much, in being a Couple of *Starch'd Conceited Fools*, as in taking so much Pains to shew it. The extent of his Ambition is Criticism, and *Tully* is his Example. He Selects his Phrases by the Sound, and not by the Sence; and the Eight parts of Speech are his Menial Servants, which he employs on all occasions.

*A Politick, Tricking, Over-Reach-
ing, Trading Whig.*

IS a true Copy of a Wicked Original, where *Arrogance* supplies the Place of *Birth*, *Inhumanity* of *Sincerity*, and *Cheating* of *Wis.* His *Cap* and his *Knee*, his *Smiles* and good *Words*, are all at a Minutes Warning, to be dealt about upon all necessary occasions. All his *Actions* are *Tipt* with fair pretences, yet are directed to himself, and he never looks any further. He supplies his own *Necessities*, by asking others what they *want*. No Man Speaks more, and to less purpose; for his *Words* are like his *wares*, Twenty of One Sort, and he turns them over alike, to all his *Customers*. Whatsoever he shews you, is the *Newest* and best thing in all the *Town*, tho' it be the *worst* in his *Shop* or *Ware-house*. His *Conscience* was a *Commodity*, that would have lain upon his *Hands*, and therefore 'twas the first thing he *Put off*, and the *want* of it, serves him better than the *use* on't. His *Religion* is but *Skin deep*, it may appear in his *Codled Countenance*, but ne're comes near his *Heart*; 'tis Writ upon *Changeable Taffaty*, and like folded *Pictures*, makes him look one way

like a *Saint*, and another way like the *Devil*. In his *Shop* he is a *Tradesman*, in the *Coffee-house* a *States-man*, and like an *Earwig* is always *Creeping* into peoples *Ears*, to breed *Maggots* in their *Heads*, and *Filth* in their *Mouths* at the Election of *Mayors* and *Sheriffs*, and *City Officers*. When he feels his *craft* is *exposed*, his *Cunning* *Detected*, and his *Cheating Tricks* discover'd and made punishable by *Law*, he cries out his *Diana Trade* is endanger'd; and if the *Holder forth* is bribed to *whisper* some *Ugly Suggestion* about the *loss* or *Decay* of *Trade*, which always was, and always will be the *Complaint* of *Shop* and *Conventicle*, 'tis carried about with *Clamour* and *Tragical Declamation*; the *Noise* of *Persecution* *Propogates* like *Thunder*, spreads like *Lightning*, and every mouth is fill'd with *Dreadful Apprehensions*, that the *Government* are blowing up the *Thames*, Raising a *Marian Persecution* against *Trade* and *Grace*, and their *Godliness*. And that their *Religion* and *Seven-Pence i'th' Shilling*, would be brought to the *Stake* together, if care was not taken by them to prevent it; and then the *Trading Mob* like *Wild Asses*, having snuff'd in these *Prejudices*, 'tis but natural they should *Bray*, and be impatient, when they find their *Credit Low*, and *Fancy Trade* a sinking, tho' there's no cause for this *Complaint*, only the *People* are *Hair'd* and
Fugled

Jugled out of their *Senses*, by the Dictates of a *Faction*, and the *Venom* of a Seditious Club of *Common-Wealth's-men*. He seems more *Holy* than others, to gain the advantage of being more *wicked*. He avoids *Taverns* and *Ale-Houses* by Daylight, only to *Drink* and *Whore* in Private. He knows there's Field room enough to play the *Knave* out of the reach of the *Statute*, and to act the Part of the *white Devil* in *Hugger Mugger*, and the Civil Magistrate be never the *Wiser*; and therefore does his *Cheating Jobs Discreetly*, and *Juggles* and *Defrauds* under the *Visor* of a Good Christian. He has too much Wit to play the *Fool* in some *Scandalous Cases*, and Pleads Liberty of Conscience, for *Biting* his very *Brethren* in another; and so is honest by *Discretion*, and a *Knave* by *Inclination*. His seeming Sanctimony is made up of *Negatives*: If he does not take the *Meat* and *Drink* from the *Hungry* and *Thirsty*, Use *Strangers* like *Doggs*, nor strip *Poor People Naked*, he calls himself a *Saint*, and while he keeps his *Hands* from *Picking* and *Stealing*, lets his *Tongue* loose to *Lying* and *Slandering*. He *Fawns* like a *Spaniel* upon every *New Customer*, and a *Puking Wambling Conscience*, is his *Cloak* to hide his *Knavery*. Oaths of *Fidelity* and *Sacraments*, are hard things to *Swallow*; but rather than lose an *Office* of *Profit*, or a *Post* to *Plague* the Government,

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he

he can digest them with as much ease as *Lucatella's Balsam*, and be as upright a *Whig* still, as any in the *Linsey-wolfey Club* of busy *Intermeddlers*; and so in *Dissenting* or *Complying* carries on the same Design of *Mischief*, to the *Publick*, and security to his own Mothers Child. He rises by *Degrees* from one kind of *Mischief* to another, and makes one *Solacism* in the Ground work, produce a thousand in the *Superstructure*. He advances from *Zeal* to *Jealousy*, from *Jealousy* to *Practise*, from *Fearing Faults* to *finding* them; from *Reforming Grievances*, to the *Dissolution of Laws*, and from removing *Evil Ministers* to the highest degree of *Disaffection* to *Monarchy*.

The Shifter, or Jacobite Whig.

HAVING cast the Slough of *Jacobite*, with a design of doing further *mischief*, he Herds with *Republicans*, and has *Liberty and Property* in his Mouth, whilst *Arbitrary Power and Slavery* is Reigning in his Heart, and the whole design in *coming over*, is to promote them. All his former *Intrigues* against the Government being baffled, he lies like a *Tyger* or *Wolf* in the way, till he finds an Opportunity of *Seizing*

zing his *Prey*, and then he makes a *Leap* at it. He has chang'd his *Name*, but not his *Nature*, and shews his *Face* at Court as a *Convert*, that in the croud he may Pass *Unsuspected*. He has worn his *Estate* to *Rags* in the Service of his *Old Master*, and now indeavours to get a *New One*, to repair his *losses*: Tho' there can be greater Indignity to Men of *Merit*, or a more pernicious *Solacism* in Politicks, than to recommend this *Counterfeit Convert* to Preferment, till he has given as convincing *Testimonies* of his *Fidelity*, as he has formerly done of his *Disaffection*. He has chang'd his *Colour*; but still wearing all the Marks of *Hypocrisy*, you may read him in his *Countenance*; for as the Government is *Healthy* or *Sickly*, you will find his *Complexion* and *Conversation* just the contrary. He *Clubs* among the *Whig Republicans*, and keeps up his Correspondence with his *Old Acquaintance*, and employs all his *Interest* to help a *Lame Dog* o're the *Stile*, in the Service of that *Party*. He *Compounds* with the *State* for a bare *External Conformity*, with the present Posture of Affairs, and *Compounds* with the *Jacobites* to expiate the Delinquency of that Cold and *Formal Compliance*, with Assurances that he is *Theirs* upon the *first* occasion. His discourse is a New sort of *Cant*, betwixt *Oracle* and *Riddle*, and never speaks any thing of

Moment but under a *Cover* that will bear two meanings, a *Better* and a *Worse*, and the one still serves as a *Cloak* to the other. Ask him *Who he's for*? He answers, *for the King and Government*, meaning the *Wrong King* all the while, and another sort of *Governors*. He sees his *Party* cannot carry it by open *Force*, *Battery* or *Assault*, and therefore he is come in to *Undermine* it, while the rest are employed as *Spies* upon the *Government*, and creep in to th' *Garison* to betray it if they can into the hands of the *Enemy*. He has fail'd in his first *Essay* by force, and now is at it by *fugling* and *Fawning*: There's not a *Fang*, or a *Talon*, now to be seen; the *Wolves* are all turn'd into *Lambs*, and the *Vultures* into *Pigeons*. All our *Enemies* are either *Dead* upon the *Spot*, or *Come over* to us; which, is *Alas*, but the last *Shift* of the *Faction*, a Dose of *Opium* to lay us a sleep, for the cause is still alive, as errant a *Counterfeit* as the *World* affords; and will rise again, unless more weight be laid upon it, to keep it under. This kind of *Trimming*, is but the last effort of a *Faction*, that is well nigh *busted down*, which if they have time to *Recover* it will be with a *Vengeance*. Their *Conversations* rise up in *Judgment* against their *Pretences*, and are *Overt Acts* to expound the *Secret* purposes and *Intensions* of their *Hearts* against the *Government*, and that they

they have a mind to *Trick* us out of our *Legal Settlement*. The *Dishonour* and *Scandal* of which proceedings, will double our *Calamities*; for it is a much more supportable *Affliction*, for a Government to be master'd by *Force*, than to be chous'd by *Credulity*. The one is *Fortune's* fault, the other is our *Own*; and 'tis more *Shameful* to be *Out-witted* than to be *Overcome*.

The Republican Whig Jacobite

IS an *Individuum Vagum*, an *Unkle Robert*, a Man of no Principle either of *Honour*, or *Conscience*, any further than it squares with his own *Advantage*. He is a common *Enemy* to all kind of *Governments*, and prefers *Plotting* against whatever is *Uppermost*, above any other kind of *Lechery*. Under the Monarchy of *Charles the Secand*, he was a profest *Common-wealths-Man*, and employ'd himself, and his *Pen*, as desperately against that *King and Court*, as if he had been weary of his *Life*, courted a *Halter*, and the *Honour* of *Dying* with his *Shooes* on: Which he had certainly done, if there had not been an *Understanding* between him and *Secretary Jenkins*; who order'd *Mr. Legate*,
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the *Messenger*, tho' his Name was in all Warrants against the *Whigs* not to Seize him, for fear, I suppose of Discovering him to be a *Treacherous Jack of both Sides*. In the Reign of *James the Second*, he set up for a *Monmouthian*, to scandalize the *Action*, and at the *Loss* of honest men's lives, escaped from a *Hog-sky* with his own into *Holland*. In the *Prince's* glorious expedition to Redeem our *Religion* and *Liberties*, his *Highness* was pleas'd (as well he might) to deny this *Boutfeau* a Passage among those that offer'd him their Service, and the *Worthy Gentleman* that Over-perswaded the *King* he might pass in the *Throng* without any *Reflection* upon that *Honourable* Enterprize, has repented it ever since, that he open'd his Mouth for so vile a *Wretch*. In this happy Reign, tho' obliged beyond his Desert, he has plaid the *Devil* for the *Devil's sake*, and has put *Hell* to its *Shifts*, to Invent *Plots* so fast as he could utter them. He had an Office under the Government, and Act-ed for the *Jacobites*; beg'd money of the *Independants* to Relieve their *Poor*, but gave what he could spare from *Symond's Tap*, to the *Non Jurant Parsons*. Under the *Visor* of a *Common-Wealth-Compounder*, he made his Court at *St. Germans*, which shews the *Credit* of their Cause was sinking, when they laid hold on this *Rotten Stick* to keep it from *Drowning*. Lord
Melford

Melford found the *Plot Mettle*, and he the *Fire* and *Furnace*, to *Forge*, or *Cast* it into *Tools* for the service of *Popery* and *Slavery*, and in every *Consultation* to promote the *Interest* of that *Party* he always propos'd the most *Bloody Methods* to obtain their *Ends*. There has been no *Plot* against the *King* and *Government* since his *Majesty's* *Accession* to the *Throne*, in which he has not had a *considerable* share, either in *Acting* in it, or *Shamming* it, when it came to be *Discover'd*. He represents our *Allies* and *Confederates* as *Enemies*, that make advantage by our *losses*, and our profess'd *Enemies* as *True-Friends* to *England*. When he had got *Hundreds* by his *Office*, he turn'd *Tail* upon the *Government*, and herded with the *Malcontents* to make it *Twice* as much; and then tells the *People* in his *Printed Pamphlets*, how strangely the *King* is *Misled* by evil *Councillors*, and that there's scarce a man at *Court* fit to *Advise* him. Sometimes he appears in *Print*, as one of his *Majesty's* *Best Subjects*, and in the *Conclusion* takes way the *King's Honour*, for the preservation of his *Life*; *Undermines* the *Establish'd Church* for the security of our *Religion*; and sets up *Democratical Principles* for the Maintenance of the *Monarchy*. He has Modell'd his *Looks* into a *Form*, that is taking among the *Seperating Precisians*, and has his *Eyes* lifted up to *Heaven*,
while

while his *Hands* are in their *Pockets*. He never Remembers *Benefits*, nor forgets *Unkindnesses*, nor never is at a *Loss* for new Projects to plague the World, and Ruin Mankind. *Aquinas* does not more abound with *Distinctions* and *Salvo's*, than he with corrupted *Texts* to excite Men to *Rebellion*; and expounds the preserving the *King* in his *just Right*, to be the *Assassinating* his *Royal Person*, in which as he had his *Share*, 'tis pittty he miss'd the *Punishment*; for if he has not himself *Brued* all the *Plots* and *Conspiracies* these *Ten* years; yet he has been the common *Advocate* of the whole *Rebellious Party*, and has espous'd their *Crimes* as well as their *Interests*; for Writing for the *Generality of Offenders*, implies an *Approbation* of their *Treasons*, and that he is influenced by the same *Evil Spirit*, and wants a *Power*, not a *Will*, to commit the most *Barbarous Murder*. He scruples more the breaking one *Oath of Conspiracy*, than *Twenty of Allegiance*. His life is govern'd by a *Phanatical License*, that *Emancipates* him from the *Servile and Pedantick Obligation of Congruity* in his *Life and manners*, and Stages him as one of the *Antipodes* to mankind, made up of *Crossness* and *Opposition*. His *Christian Liberty* is *Thwarting Authority*, and advancing an *Antichristian Anarchy*: In placing the *Sovereign Power* in the *People*, and making as many *Kings* as there are

are Men in *England*. He is the *Spider*, in the Emblem, he fetches *Poison* out of every thing, and had rather go to *Hell* in a *Rebellious Road* of his own *Finding*, than to *Heaven* in the way of *Peace* and *Obedience*. Like a *Mole* he works under-ground, to throw up *Fears* and *Jealousies*, and when they have once taken *Air*, if *Lucifer* himself sounded the *Trumpet*, it could not give a stronger *Alarm* to *Insurrections* and *Assassinations*. He has commonly a *Bible* in his *Hand*, and the *Gospel* in his *Mouth*, and yet 'tis legible by his *Actions*, that he quarters his *Coat* with the *Atbeist* in the *Psalms*, that says in his *Heart* there is no *God*. He makes a *Conscience* of every thing and *Nothing*. What the *Law* requires, he *Pukes* at like a *Breeding Woman*; but to promote his own *Traiterous Designs*, the seven deadly *Sins*, pass whole through him without so much as *Keeking*. He is by *Complection*, *Sower* and *Saturnine*; but half a *Dozen Bottles* will wind him up to the *Pitch* of *Jest* and *Buffoonery*; but either *Drunk* or *Sober*, *merry* or *melancholy*, *Grave* or *Frolicsome*; he is still a *Malcontented Whig*; but whether 'tis *Hugh Peters* of our side, or t'other, is not yet *Determin'd*; and therefore *Reader*, cross thy self, and have nothing to do with him; for if all the *Wickedness* of *Mankind* were *lost*, there's enough in him to *Replenish* the *World* with *Vices*, and crow'd
Hell

Hell with Obstinate, and Impenitent Criminals.

*The Scurrilous and Seditious Whig
Writer*

IS generally speaking, either an Unemployed Needy Lawyer, a Proscrib'd Field Conventicler, a Caledonian Medicaster, or a Renegado Popish Priest, new Lick'd into a Socinian Tubster; and under some or all these Qualifications, commences a Member Politick of an Incorporate Faction, a Formal Pedantick Fault-finder in Government, and a Pamphleteer for Seditious Malcontented Clubbers. His *Stile* is either a *Blustering* Noise of Insignificant pompous Words, that threaten to kill six Opponents with his Pen, and Six and twenty with his *Inkborn*, or else a Fardle of *Obsolete* Phrases, or *Moth-eaten* Adages, that were in use when Men wore *Bonnets*, and wip'd their *Noses* on their *Sleeves*, for want of *Handkerchiefs*. The Scope of his Pamphlets (if they have any) is to possess the People with Fears of *Arbitrary Power*, to reflect *Scandal* upon the Government, to pelt the *Court* with Lean and Meager *Reproaches*, and the Ministry with such *Audacious* Suggestions, as may give the

the Multitude a Loathing of the Men and the *Constitution*. He is always provided (at the Charge of the Common Stock of busy *Intermedlers*) to write for that *Party*, who are still affrai'd of *Losing* what cannot be *Taken* from them, and upon those *Fantastical* apprehensions, care not if the Government be *Dissolv'd*, to gratify their *Scruples*. He is full of extraordinary *Hints* against *Mismanagements*, and Wounds *Royal* Authority through the sides of pretended *Evil Counsellors*. He is sometimes a *Droll*, and always a *Sceptick*, and there's scarce any thing so certain or *Sacred*, that he does not expose to *Question* or *Contempt*: Insomuch, that betwixt the *Hypocrite* and the *Atbeist*, the very Foundation of *Religion* and *Morallity* is shaken, the Two Tables of the *Decalogue* dash'd to pieces: The Laws of *Government* Subjected to the Fancies of the *Vulgar*, and publick *Authority* to the Private *Passions* of the Fickle Multitude. He is so fond of being *Publick*, that he will rather be a *Blasphemous* or a *Rediculous* Incendiary, than not be taken Notice of as a *Whiggish Author*. If there be a *Libel* in Town against the *Government*, some *One*, or a Club of them *All*, are sure to be the *Composers* of it, and are Celebrated among the *Seditious*, as Men of extraordinary *Merit*, meerly for being *mischievius*. Nothing comes amiss to make him *Alarm* the *Mobile* with approaching

proaching *dangers*. What a Fury will he raise about *Nothing*, and counterfeit a Foolish *Melancholly* upon improbable dangers, to excite the brutish passions of the Rabble, upon every *slight* and *frivolous* suggestion. The Oration of the old Dottard in *Apuleius*, would be less *Rediculous* than some of their doleful, and *tragicall* Harangues about a *Standing Army*. The old Fellow comes forth with hideous *Bel-lowings*, and with all the Solemnities of *Sorrow*, and a *discomposed* Mind, to declaim in the presence of the whole *City*, against a *Little Boy*; and as soon as he could for *Sighs* and *Groans*, begins with weeping *Teares*, to let them know that he had something to communicate that required all their *Attentions*, as they tender'd the safety of the *Common-Wealth*; and so proceeds to conjure them, by all things *sacred* and *civil*; by their *Gods* and their *Altars*, not to let the *Murderer* escape unpunished; and having screwed up the Peoples expectations even to impatience, he was earnestly desired to declare the *Crime*, that so they might atone the Anger of the *Gods*, which otherwise they might expect upon their *City*, if they should suffer such a horrid *Villany* to pass *Unrevenged*. At last (after he had moved all this indignation,) he produces *Three Bottles* broken all to pieces by the *Lad*; *Here, Here*, (says he) behold the Cruel
Murderer

Murtherer. At which (you may suppose) all the Audience fell a laughing then, as all Wise men do at our Pedantick Authors now, for endeavouring, with so much *Seriousness* and dreadfull Apprehensions, to raise a *furious Passion* out of Nothing. To keep him within the Limits of his own Sphere, was to confine a *Wild Boar* with sober words. There has been no peace upon Earth since he was in it, and a Man might as well attempt the *Conversion* of the *Great Turk*, as reconcile him to his *Duty*. He is the most Savage Creature in the world, and no less incapable of Discipline than *Rats* and *Swallows*; and smells so rankly of *Confusion* and *Disorder*, that no *Towardly* Christian can approach him without an *Antidote*. He furiously combats every *Trifle*; raises a Tempest from the least Drop of Water; either commends or dispraises to the last degree of *Rigour*, and censures without *Judgment* or *Authority*: And there's no way to perswade him from repeating his *follies*, and *Mudling* himself in *Ink*, but to turn him to his old Trade of *Lampoons*, *Ballads* and *Grubstreet Window-making*, or make him forswear the use of *Pen*, *Ink* and *Paper*.

*For he'l proceed, come on't what will,
There is no middle-Course in doing Ill;*

*A Whig Trimmer, or a Jack of all
Sides*

IS a *Will* with a *Wisp*. a Man of no Principle either of Honour or Conscience, any further than it squares with his Safety and Profit. You may reckon him among the common Enemies of the Government and Mankind. His Countenance is like a *Prognostication* in an *Almanack*: When his Eyes sparkle with Joy, you must look upon the *Dancing* of those Spirits, like the Play of *Porpoises* before a *Tempest*, and when *All is Well* there, 'tis a fore-boding of *Troubles*, and *Storms* in the *Publick*: As a *Cloud* on his fore-head (on the other side), is an *Infallible* sign of *Fair weather* in the *State*; for that which makes the one *fat*, makes the other *Lean*, and common *Disasters* are not only his *Discourse*, but his *Food* and *Nourishment*. and the reason of so much contrariety is this: That *Monarchy*, and a *Popular Sovereignty*, *Law* and *License*, *Order* and *Confusion*, can never stand together. He talks aloud of *Grievances*, *Abuses* and *Mismanagements*, and makes it his business to *Enlarge* upon them. He talks of *Dangers*, and fills Peoples heads with frightful stories of them, and at the same Instant

is so put to't for *Want* of Proof that he is faint at least to *magnify*, if not to *Create* them, and supply the Defect of *matter*, with *Imposture* and *Invention*. There's not a *Whimsical* Story passes the *Town*, that is capable of being improv'd into a *Scandal* or *Illusion*, but it's presently *Furbish'd* up, for the Service of the *Malcontented*: And when there wants matter of *fact* for a ground to work upon, 'tis his care to supply it with *Fancy* or *Suggestion*. He has a new way of Politick *Masquerading*, under a *Coat* that fits all *Factions* and *Opinions*, goes round like a *Mill-Horse* in the same *Track* of *Hearing*, *Telling* and *Dividing*, and under pretence of *Trimming*, at last removes, and with his own *Weight* over-sets the *Wherry*. The *Gentleman* that has endeavour'd to give him a fairer *Character*, has forgot what he is, and represents him what he should be. He *Inclines* too much to a *Party* to carry himself *Uprightly*, and approves the Sence of the *Law*, no longer than it asserts his *Interest*; and thinks them no longer *Jewels*, than they hang at his *Ears*, or Adorn his *Fingers*. Tho' *Monarchy*, when the Administration falls into *Wise* and good Hands, is approved by all *Judicious* Men, as the best form of *Government*, he is no longer in *Love* with it, than it keeps him in humor with a *Profitable Employment*, and when that is taken away, yet by *Trimming* when he

held his Office, he has Secur'd his Interest in a Party, and then sets up for a *Jacobite*, or a *Republican*; either for *Another King*, or *no King at All*, as he sees the Beam turning to his own *Advantage*. He is for a *Liberty* that is inconsistent with his *Allegiance*, and calls every Government *Arbitrary*, where he cannot Act the *Tyrant* over all below him, and *Checkmate* all above him. He is not so *Displeased* with any thing, as our own *Constitution*, where *Monarchy* and *Liberty* are so happily reconcil'd, that they *Friendly Embrace* each other. He is angry that *Liberty* of *Conscience* is establish'd by *Law*, because he has lost an opportunity of *Quarrelling* about it; for he had rather want his *Right*, than not gratify his *Spleen*, and humor his *Perverseness*. He is a *Friend* to *Zeal*, and an *Enemy* to *Knowledge*, and *Cheats* himself by a false *Ostentation* of the *Power of Godliness*, without being in the *form* of it. He thinks himself of the *True Religion*, because he has been of *All* he could bear of, and having *Pin'd* himself to the Principles of *Neutrality*, had rather undergo the *Laodicean Fate*, than enjoy the Reward of *Fidelity* and *Perseverance*. The Noise of *Fire at Midnight*, does not so much *Affright* him, as a Discourse of *Accommodation* and *Comprehension*, for to be all of a *Peice* would spoil his *Marker*, in being for, and against every thing, by
 way

way of *Debtor* and *Creditor*. He always shifts for the *Warm* side o'th the *Hedge*, and rather than run any *Risque* in his *Body* or *Fortune*, he'l leave his *Prince*, his *Country*, his *Father* or *Friend* in the *Lurch*, to save but the worth of a *Cockle-shell*. In your *Prosperity* over a *Bottle* of *Wine*, and a *Dish* of your *Meat*, he'l load you with *Cares* and *Civilities*; but if you come to have the *Wind* and *Tyde* in your *Teeth*, and the *Vogue* of the *Town* against you, he'l be one of the *first* shall desert you in *stark Love* and *Kindness*; till you have *strugled* your way through the *Difficulty*, and then he's again your *most Obedient Humble Servant*,

If our *Trimming Whig* is a man of *Authority*, he will *Ruin* you with *Trust* and *Confidence*; and draw out your last blood in pretences to do your *Business*, when he never in the least *Intends* it. Ask his favour for an *Employment*: He allows you to be a very *Honest* man, and well *qualified* for any thing, one that has faithfully serv'd the *King* and *Government*, and he is glad, *heartily Glad*, that he has an opportunity of serving you. He has *three* or *four* pretty things in's *Eye*; there are *two* or *three Vacancies* at present, and you may assure your self he is your *friend* to all *Intents* and *Purposes*. you may intirely depend upon any *Good Office* he can do you, and that he will never leave you, till he

has done something, or other, that, is Considerable for you: And now betwixt the Credit of the Pretence on the one side, and the Snare of the Trust and Confidence on the other, you are entred upon the Road that leads to your Undoing. Now you have a Waiter's Place, and having danced Attendance on him till you have hardly Shooes to follow him longer, you have for answer, That he has done what he can; but there was so many Buts and Exceptions in the way, he could not accomplish his Wishes for you. But if you can find out any thing, you shall be sure of it. This puts you upon a new charge of Enquiring, and when you bring him an account of Three things Undisposed of, he falls into a Passion, and chides your Negligence; for if you had but spoke of it a Quarter of an hour sooner, he had done your business effectually; for one of them was just given away, and the other Two are Promised, and you must have Patience, and hunt about for more Discoveries, till he grow as Shy of you, as a sculking Citizen of a Serjeant.

Now as oft as you come, he is Sick, Busy, Abroad, or not to be spoken with. If you Way-lay and Surprise him, he is in great Hast, cannot Stay; but when you have found out something for your Turn, come to him, and you shall be sure, in English, To go without it. And now put all his Proffessions, Protections, and Promises,
into

into one Scale, and his *Doublings*, his *Put-off's*, *Shams* and *Pretences* into another, and you'll find your very *Soul* upon the most painful sort of *Torture*. Depend, says the Whiggish *Trimmer*. Assure your self, Upon my *Honour*, I will serve you ; when there's no more in't at last, than so much *Air* thrown into the mouth of a *Credulous* fool, toward the satisfying of an *Empty* *Stomach*. One while the *Honour* of the *Government* will not bear it. The *Incompetency* of the *Person* ; 'tis too *Little*, or too *much* ; 'tis too *soon* or 'tis too *late*, 'tis out of your *Way*, or unsuitable to your *Humour* ; and, in a word, an honest man may as well lay his finger upon an *Indivisible* *Instant*, as *Nick* the precise time of doing his business, by the Mediation of a false *Trimming-Whig*, who does nothing but *Delude*, and *Betray* you ; and his last *Shift* is, removing you out of his way into th' *Country*, and when he has found out something, he will send for you : And that will be when the *Devil's* *Blind*, who's *Eyes* are not sore yet,

Having spent all your *Money*, *Wearied* out your *Self*, and *Worn* out your *Clothes*, you procure a *Friend* to solicit for you, and at first sight the *Whig* *Trimmer* tells him ; Sir, your friend is a mighty Good *Man*, pray tell him I don't forget him tho' he's *absent*. I have him here upon my *Minutes*, for the first business that falls ; but

you would do well however, to mind me now and then on't ; for I have many things in my *Head*, you know, and now I cannot talk with you about it ; *but if you could stay a little here about, or come again a matter of an hour or two hence ; or rather if it would stand with your convenience, let me see you upon Monday next, precisely at Twelve, then I may Chance to tell you more.* Your friend replies I'll not fail your Honour at the very moment ; but what hopes, says he, shall I give my friend in the mean time. *My Lord*, I beg this freedom from you ; do you think 'twill do at *Last* ? for a man had better Ten times be hang'd Once for *All* till he's Dead, than be starving in the *Air* the Lord knows how long, under the Anxiety of a lingering *Suspension* ; 'Tis some ease to a Man yet, to know the *worst* of a thing, and to be at a certainty, whether it be *Off* or *On*. This Plain Dealing of your Friend, *Ruffles* and *Discomposes* the little great man of Business ; and he answers with some Emotion : I am extremely press'd, you see : But I'll borrow half a Dozen words at any time from common Business, for the service of an honest man, and a friend ; but to be plain with you, Sir, *you are a little too Warm, and too Quick upon the Point.* *Beggars must not be Carvers : Affairs of this Nature must be brought about by Patience and Opportunity.* 'Tis not for a man in his

Circumstances, to talk of being off, or on; as who should say; if I may'nt have it when I would, I won't have it at all, 'Tis too Imposing and peremptory, let me tell you: Your best way is to let matters and Humours work in their due season: Not but that all you have said to me is as safe, as if the words were in your own mouth again. This smart Common-Place Reprimand, puts your friend to'th' expence of two or three Low Bows and Cringes, and an Apology to smoothe him, saying, my Lord, I dont direct, or expostulate, but my humble meaning, with Submission, is, that the frankness of the Dispatch doubles the favour. To conclude, in all this Trimming Whigs Promises, there is not one grain of Down right Integrity, but apparent marks of a deliberated Fraud, to put men upon the torture of Vexations, expensve, endless and contemptuous Attendance, that the amus'd Multitude may reckon the number of their Slaves by the number of these Dependencies; and the world will never be better, till Generosity and sincere Honesty become more Fashionable. Offer him a Civility he scorns, he says, to be Brib'd; he is none of those that sell Places, and at the same time expects you shall Fee his Servants, and makes his own Secretary allow his Steward and Butler a Salary out of his Profits, towards the Payment of their Wages, besides Cramming his hungry Footmen, who are almost Famish'd for want

want of their promised Five Shillings a Week, to procure them Belly-Timber.

A Whiggish false pretending Friend

IS an Insect that under the Disguise of *Friendship*, and *Kindness*, will do you more mischief than the worst of your *Enemies*. If you are in *Prosperity*, he'll flatter and undermine you ; if in *Adversity*, he'll betray you, and creep out at your *Sleeve* when you think you have him *safe* in your *Bosom*. He's the meer Spirit of *Deceit* and *Hypocrisy*, a general Disperfer of nauseous *Scandal* ; that never speaks *Well* of any man behind his *back*, nor *Ill* of any man before his *Face*, and cares not tho' the Subject be his *Father*, his *Brother*, or the *best* Friend he has in the World, if he thinks it will not reach his *Ear* ; for he has an equal-kindness for all he names his *friends*, and would go fifty mile on *Foot* to see any of them *hang'd*. His former Character was a mass of *Treachery* and *Lying*, under a veil of seeming *Sanctity* ; but now he is grown as great a proficient at *Swearing* and *Whoring*, as the most debauch'd *Bully* at a Baudy house ; and can no more *Rise* without a *Wench*, than go to *Bed* without a *Bottle*. He boasts much of his *Company*, and there's none so *bad* he will not keep, nor so *Good* he wo'nt pretend

pretend to. He swears he has been with *my Lord such a One*, and had three Quarts of *Champain* to his share; that he had much ado to get away, and is going to three other *Lords* about business of Importance. *Dissimulation* is the Adjunct of his Quality. He always lies at *Catch* to insnare you, and there's no safer trusting him with a *Secret* than your *Money*, for no mortal ever knew a *Sour Whig True* to any man. He is all for getting *Money*, for that he knows will make the *Pos Boil*, tho' the Devil *Piss* i'th' fire. When he has nothing else to talk on, *Religion* and his *Green Pew with Red Inckle*, is the subject: And treats it with as much contempt, as if *Eikon Basilike* was the *Tubster*. He has always a lying, sneering, ugly merry face when he is designing *Mischief*, and that gives him a Name in the *Party*, for a *very honest fellow*; and if these treacherous *Moles* that work under ground, were not as *Blind* as they are *Busy*, an honest man could not be safe in a *Cell*, with all the *Honesty* in the world about him. He is as *Impudent* as he is *Troublesome*, and like a *Weezle* runs squeaking from house to house, that no man can eat his Bread at quiet for him. In every thing he seeks his own *Interest*, and cares not if the whole Kingdom were in a *Flame*, if he can but roast his *Eggs* by it. He thinks no gain unfavoury. All is Good that brings *Profit*.
He

He serves *God* to get *Money*, and would serve the *Devil* for better *Wages*. *Biting*, *Sharping*, and *Shamming*, is his whole *Employment*, and 'tis so riveted in his *Nature*, that you may as well take him to *pieces*, as hope to *Mend* him. His *Treachery* is habitual, he is past *Shame* and *Remedy*, and he that throws away a *Tester*, and such a *false Friend*, looserth but *Sixpence* in the whole. And now having shew'd you the *men*, I shall (to keep their *Favour*) Oblige them with a *Female* to keep them *Company*, under the *Name* and *Character* of

A Precise Hypocritical Coquet.

WHO is one she knows not *What* if if you ask her, and consequently is neither *Flesh*, nor *Fish*, nor good *Red Herring*; but *what you please to make her*. She values her self for being neither in, nor out, of the *fashion*. She wears the best of *Silks* and *Linen*, that ever *Pinns* were put in; but dresses so *Odly*, that she spoils her *Shape*, and the make of her *Face* by screwing it into the *Model* of *Nonconformity*. She reckons nothing so *vicious* as going to *Church*, and wearing *Lace* is a greater *Sin* in her esteem, than *Fornication*,

tion, or *Adultery*. While she is *Uncoupled* and in *Company*, she's as *Demure* as a *Saint*; but take her alone, she's as game-som as a little *Cat* in a *Corner*, and will *Tee-Hee* at a *Smutty Jest*, and be as brisk and obliging as the *Rankest Sinner*. 'Tis true, she rails at the *Beau's*, as *Unregenerate Vermine*, and a known *Bully* scares her as wickedly at the first *Assault*, as a *Mad Ox* does the *Women* in a *Market*; but if he has the *Wit* to approach her *Civily* at first, after a little warm handling, he soon raises a place to rest her hands upon; which her *Indulgent zealous* Father suspecting, he salves up her *Reputation* with the addition of another *Hundred Yellows*, and *Tacks* her to a *Needy* but *Hopeful* *Thriving Brother*, which new *Dyes* her *Honour* and *Chastity*; and she's recieved into his *Bed*, as a *pure Virgin Sacrifice*. Being now a *spick and span new Wife*, she looks as *Demurely*, as if *Almond Butter* would not *Melt* in her mouth, tho' *Suffolk Cheese* won't choke her. She is now so *Innocent* among her *Neighbours*, that she even *Blushes* to see her *Own Hand* naked, and has sunk her voice to so *low* a *Key*, that she can scarce hear her self; but er'e she had been married a *Week*, like a *Larum-Clock*, the whole house *Rang* of her. A *Spot* upon her new *Gown* rais'd a *Tempest*, and her *Husband Rising* in his own *Defence* before she was *awake*, made such

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such a *Thunder* as *Deafned* all the family: Her Devotion at the *Conventicle* is in turning up the *Eggs* of her *Eyes* to the *Tabsters*, and turning down the *Leaves* of her *Book*, without regard to the *Quotation*. When the *Holder-forth* shews how *Artificially* he can *grunt* out the business of *Persecution*, she is full of sickly *Qualms*, tho' if the *Exetutioner* be but *Man*, she says no *Martyr* shall suffer with greater *Resolution*. She abounds with more *Texts* than a *Concordance*, and will not *flap* her *Maid* o're the *Chaps*, without a *Scripture* Authority; nor correct her *Husband's* *Coxcomb*, but by a choice *President* out of some of the *Dissenter's* *Sayings*. She never thinks a *Sermon* good, unless she *ride* five *Mile* to *bear* it, because it covers an *Assignment* upon the way, which is much more *Edifying* than the *Lecture*. She is much in love with the *Quakers* *Silent Meetings*, because it gives her time to *Revermit*, and she makes amends for't at *Dinner*, and *Prattles* more than any at the *Table* against *Senec*, *Antichrist*, and her *Husband*, till a fat *Gob* of *Mother Tripe* and *Mustard*, puts her to *Silence*. When she has almost *Dined*, she complains of a *Tender Conscience*, the *weakness* of her *Stomach*, and her want of *Appetite*; and immediately a piece of *Tart* that, by accident was bottom'd with a *Leaf* of the *Apocriphe*, made her *puke*, and had certainly brought
up

up all her *Dinner*, if a lusty *Soke of Right Nans*, had not qualified her *Antipathy* against *Bell* and the *Dragon*. She is as full of *Faith*, as an *Egg* is full of *Mear*, but has no room for *Cbarity*, and understands no *Good Works* but those, which, when a *Child*, she wrought upon her *Sampler*, and spoils them too by often *shewing* them. She is a perfect *Enemy* to all *Church Musick* but the *Chimes*, which kindly call her to *four Meales* a day, and refreshes her *Spirits* with the comfortable *Melody of Wisdom, Hopkins, and Sternhold*. She *Rails* at the *Women of the World* as *Damn'd*, for wearing *Fringes* on their *Petticoats*; and wears her own *plain*, that she may take them up with *lesser trouble* and *Inconvenience*. *High Heads* and *Laced Shooes* puts her into horrible exclamations; she calls them all *Jezabels, Dalilabs, and Whores of Babylon* that wear them; and accounts it as a *Mark of Grace*, that she can *Do* as well without them. She is no less *Skill'd* in *Policies of Government*, and is an earnest *Contender* for the *Rights of Woman-kind*, which she claims as her *Due*, and not as a *Benevolence* from the good *Man's Prerogative*. She opposes the *Monarchy* of a *Husband*, with the *Undeterminable Privileges* of a *Wife*, and maintains the *Sovereignty* of her *Sex*, by keeping the *Keys* of the *Cash* at her *Legislature Girdle*, and supplying her *Husband's Necessities* with a
Bit

Bit and Knock, as she thinks convenient: And as she gives him with *One* hand, will be sure to take *Something* from him with the *Other*, that he may never grow to *Big* for her *Management*. *Freedom of Speech* she claims as her *Birth-Rights*, be it never so *Arrogant* and *Supercillious*. Doing *what she Lists*, is her *Liberty*; a seperate maintenance is her *Property*, and claims them by her *Original Contract*, for *Better* for *Worse*, and as agreeable to her *Native Constitution* in quality of a *Wife*, *Dutiful* and *Dominering*. The Man that closes with her upon these *Principles*, of checking the *Arbitrary Powers of Husbands*, tho' a meer *Rake*, has won the *Fort* of her feigned *Vertue*; she surrenders upon *Discretion*, and will lye with him upon an *Impulse* of *Conscience*, to reclaim him from the vulgar use of *Whores*, and *Wicked Women*. And now having gotten her *Heart*, the Devil on't is, he can't be *Rid* of the Rest of her *body*, but like a *Rattle* at a *Dogs Tail*, let him go where he will, she will follow him, till *Impotency* procures him a *Release*, or *Incurable Claps* bring him to a *Death Bed Repentance*.

*Precise She-sinners are by Nature Guilty,
For whether Young or Old Whores they'l file*
(yes.

A Covetous Griping Usurer and Extortioner.

IS the *degenerated* Issue of a cruel *Taylor*, his Estate is in heavy *Bonds*, and legal iron *Shackles*, which he never knocks off, but at the price of the Debtor's ruin. He was like *Hemp-seed*, sown into the World in a shower of bitter *Curses*; went Nine times to the Devil before he shew'd his Head above Ground, and his Thriving empoverish'd all that grew near him. His God is his *Gold*, and he the Idolatrous *Priest*, that Sacrifices his *Soul* to his *Profit*. He is a Friend to none, for those he has most Interest in he *Devours*, and only dreads the day of *Judgment* should come before he has taken the *Forfeitures* of his *Bonds* and *Mortgages*, tho' he has *Ten* in the *Hundred* besides *Procuration*, and *Continuance Money*, at a *Hundred* in the *Thousand*. He puts his Money to the *Unnatural* Act of *Generation*, and his *Scrivener* is the Supervisor Cock *Baud* to it. He assumes the name of *Protestant*, because 'tis the *Cheapest* Religion, of *Dissenter* for the sake of *Contradiction*, and forbears *Whoring*, only for fear of the *Charge* of keeping *Bastards*. A *Capitation Tax* removes him to a *New Lodging*, and if he's

found out, he swears himself off, and says will trust God with his *Soul*, rather than the *Collectors* with his *Admow*. His Study is how to cheat the *Prodigal*, to cozen this *Landed Neighbour*, *Defraud* that *Widow*, and *Beggar* those *Orphans*. Debt he owes none but *shew'd* turns, and those he'll be sure to pay without *Saving*. He loves the *Common-Law*, but swears at the Sight of the *Chancery-Court*, and a *Sub-pœna* would make him *Hang* himself, were it not to save the charge of a *Haltar*. He is (in some sort) worse than the *Devil*, he never *Gives* but *sells* his *Days of Payments*, *Bloods* you by *Degrees*, till the *Spirits* of your *Estates* are insensibly exhausted, and then makes *Dice* of your *Bones* to play at *Size-Ace* with his *Scrivenner*. He seldom lends Money but in a Forenoon, which secures him a *Dinner* at the *Tavern*, where he'll drink *freely*, because he knows you must pay the *Reckoning*; but at all other times *Preaches* up *Temperance*. He keeps a House would furnish a *Cricket*, and his *Servants* do not *Live* but *starve* with him. His *Chimney* is unacquainted with *Fire*, for fear of *Miscbances*, and if he's a *Cold*, he gets himself *Heat* by removing an old *Wood-Pile*. He Allows his *Servants* no *Candle*, That they may break *Glasses* for want of *Light*, which they must doubly pay for in their *Wages*. His good Name always
Dies

Dies before him, and to save the Expence of a *Funeral* for it, he suffers it to *Rot* and *Wax* above ground; and when he falls *Sick* himself, he sends two or three *Pawn-Brokers* before him to the *Devil* for a *Bride*, to use him more kindly when he shall fall into his *Clutches*; or in hopes he will be so busy about them, and a *Rott* of *Stock-Jobbers*, that he may be a while neglected.

A Wheedling Cheating Scrivener.

IS a Creature begot by a *Pen*, hatch'd in a *Standish*, nurs'd by a *Sand-Box*, and the *Wing* of an old *Goose* will set up half a *Score* of 'em. In his thread-bare *Baies Gown* and *Furr'd Cap*, he looks like the *By-blow* of a *Country Attorney*, from whom he differs as a *Botcher* from a *Taylor*, or the *Yeoman* of the *Halter* from the *Hangman*. His *Eares* are the *Characters* of his *Religion* in *Text-hand*, and like *Rotten Fruit* hang so loosely on his *Head*, that the next *Sessions-Wind* will endanger the blowing them off on a *Pilory*. With Relation to the *Publick* he is a necessary *Evil*, for without him Men would become *Honest Neighbours* and good *Friends*, and then the body *Polisick* would

dissolve, being no longer compounded of Different *Elements* and *Humors*. Better *Scholars* there are many, but few greater *Writers*, and those that curse the Invention of the *Press* for others sakes, may more justly curse the use of the *Pen* for his. I should guess his Trade was of great Antiquity, since I read *Indentures of Covenants* made with *Adam*, but that we know *Adam* had no *Money*, and the *Scrivener* would not do it *Gratis*. Had *Scriveners* been in the Antediluvian World, the *Deluge* might have been spared, for Mankind would have destroyed one another, without any other help than theirs; and therefore we must not look upon them as part of the *Creation*, which was wholly good; But as a *Surreptitious* Race of Men, bred out of the *Corruption* of several Ages, or like some *Africk* Monsters, are the *Amphibious* Product of a *Heterogeneous* Copulation; or when *Pawn Brokers*, *Tally-Men*, and *Stock-Jobbers*, met together in different *Humours*, *Interests* and *Contracts*, this Jarring Conjunction begat *Scriveners*; who Viper like Devour their Parents, and gnaw their lively-hoods out of the *Bowels* of those they hang upon. Methinks they being so *Resty* that the severest Laws can't restrain 'em from doing *Mischief*, they should be banish'd by *Well Govern'd Kingdoms*; or at least like *Jews* in *Italy*, wear a *Red-Hat*, or *One Green Stocking* for a mark

mark of Distinction, that endanger'd Passengers might avoid them; for where once they get in, they spread like *St. Anthony's Fire*, and destroy like the *Plague*. Had one of these kind of *Scriveners* been among the *Israelites*, there would have needed no other pretence to have driven them out of *Egypt*, themselves had been the greatest punishment, and *Pharaoh* would have fled, and not pursued them into the bottom of the Sea. A Generation of Men more insatiate then *Hell*, and those that pretend to fear or honour them, are but like Men making Court to their Hangman for a more favourable Execution.

Sometimes he plays the *Rand*, and Prostitutes the same Title to all comers, and if you Fee him soundly, will not stick at Morgaging the same Estate, to seven several Lenders. Sometimes he Solders up a Crack'd Title, and passes it away for a pure Virgin. If it be weak, he will strengthen it by Forgery, and secure but his Ears, his Man and He will out swear the Devil. If you would make a safe Purchase, you must spend half the Value of it in Enquiries about the Title, and when he has secured half of it to himself, he tells you it is Unquestionable. Wherefore ever he finds a Flaw, it may be stop't with Money from the Adverse Party; and if both Grease him in the Fist, he will deal equally between Man and Man, and

make them alike Irrecoverably miserable, drawing the *Conveyances* on either side so weak, and yet so strong, that neither Party shall have the *Advantage*; but both endeavouring to Recover what each knows to be his Own, and he to be Neithers, they at last consume their *Estates* like a Snow-Ball with handling it, Spend double the *Purchase Mony* to secure the Land, and at length the *Usurers* to end the Strife, seizes on that which each of them have *Mortgaged*, and neither of them can *Redeem*, and then part the *Stakes*, and *Limn* and *Canton* out a brave Estate like *Alexanders* Empire into *Petty Lordships*.

If he Trade in money, his *Usurer* and he answer one another like the *Hunter* and his *Dog*, or like the *Counter part* and the *Original Indenture*, and walk up and down, seeking whom they may Devour. First he does his utmost to make you Poor, that you may be forc'd to address your self to him for a *Supply*, which is the last *Remedy*, and indeed worse than the *Disease*. If you are necessitated to Borrow, he marches among your Neighbours, smells after your *Reputation*, Enquires into your *Estate*, and Ruins your Good name to gain you *Credit*. He is vigilant in maintaining *Old Customs*, especially that of *Ten* in the *Hundred*, and what you abate the *Usurer* you must pay to the *Scrivener*, or go without the Sum desired.

If his *Usurer* and He start a young *Heir*, this *Blood-Hound* is laid upon the *Scent*, pursues the *Game*, and ne'er gives o'er the *Chase* till he has given him a *Mortal Gripe*, and then like the *Lion* and *Jackel* they divide the *Prey*; the *Usurer* gnaws off the *Flesh*, and the *Scrivener* Picks the *Bones*. To strike the greater *Terror* into the Landed *Novice*, he seats himself in all his *Formalities*, his *Furred Cap* and *Gown*, his *Pen* in one *Ear*, (if both are not off for *Forgery*,) in the midst of abundance of *Writings*, which contain the *Cases* of so many *Ruin'd* persons. A *Sight* worse than the *Gallows*, and shews the *Youngling* what he must come to. Composing his countenance after the *City cut*, seriously *Grave*, *Dreadfully Rediculous*, and most *Majestical Simple*; after a tedious *Harangue*, like a *Dog* making a circle before he lies down, he lets forth the great misfortune of many *Young Gentlemen*, in falling into the hands of *Knawish Scriveners*, where he reads him his own *Doom* in the third *Person*, whilst he is shewing him his *Happiness* in *Lighting* upon him, who is desirous of nothing but his *Goods*. At last he falls upon what he has most mind to, his *Estate*, and bids him deal truly and plainly with him, that he may do him right; which the *Youngster* performs very *Simply* and *honestly*, and lays open his *Breast*, that this *Vulture* with more ease may *Prey* upon his

Liver. Having thus gently *wrack'd* him into a *Confession*, the *Scrivener* draws up a Sentence miscall'd a *Bond* or *Conveyance*, and makes him *sign* and *seal* the *Warrant* of his own *Execution*, and then by *Law* *Condemns* and *Executes* him.

This unmerciful *Thief*, like *Death*, spares no *Body*; he robs the very *Beggars*, and will pick a *Courtier's Pocket* tho' he knows 'tis the *King's Money*. He stretches the *Law* and *Justice* upon the *Wrack*, and for an hours *failure* siezes upon the *Forfeiture*. He prays for *Non-performance* of the *Condition*, that he may take the *Advantage* of the *Penalty*, and so far exceed the cruelty of that cursed *Few*, that he will not only have the *Flesh*, but the *Blood* also. When you have incurr'd a *Forfeiture*, he tells you the *strickness* of the *Law*; and to be free from the *Usurer*, you must compound with the *Scrivener*, and almost pay the *Penalty* to be quit of trouble. All the *Comfort* you have left, is, that when he has bound you ne're so *fast*, for *Money* he'l *Release* you; teach you how to evade the *Articles* he himself composed, and ne're refuses to prove himself a *Knave*, when ever he can *gild* the *Epithet*.

Thus he plays *fast* and *loose*, breaths *bar* and *cold*, and the same *Devil* that binds the *Charms*, unties 'em also. 'Tis a pretty fight to see them running about the *Exchange*, smelling at the *Merchants*, just like

like a Dog fawning upon some, and Snarling at others. He is *one* Misery after the very *last*, the Cause of your Ruine, and the Effect too. When all other *Miseries* have destroy'd you, he follows as a Reserve, and after Execution will Quarter you; nay, such is your Plague, that when all the World has shaken you off, Lice and Scriveners will stick to you when you are Beggar'd. That you may go to Heaven the lighter, he disburthens you of your Earth, your Estate, and then perswades you out of Despair to Dye, having parted with all the World, and nothing left you to forsake but your Body. For a good Fee he will oblige a Friend, and leave the intended Heir so disputable, that the deceased Testator may as soon interpret his own Mind, as the Lawyer; inserting such Equivocal Terms, as may be any Man's Will more than his that sent for our Scrivener to make it. He begins a Will very piously, and gives your Soul to God Almighty with abundance of Complement, and of your worldly Goods he will not fail to give himself a good share, and then turns you over to the Divine, before whom he has commonly the Honour to be preferr'd: And there leaves you like a Christmas Box, expecting no more from you till you are broke into pieces.

*The Reverse, or the Character of a
True Englishman, in Quality of
a States-man;*

AS a *States-man* he is well *Learned*
and *Descended*, a Branch of a *Re-*
putable and *Loyal* Family, and a true *Pa-*
triot of his Country. One that loves and
serves God for Goodness sake, and Ho-
nours the King as God's *Representative* on
Earth, a *Monarch* that Governs England
Uprightly, and prefers the *Glory* of God,
and the *Good* of the *People*, above any ac-
cession to his own *Glory*. As a *Counsel-*
lor he suggests nothing to the King that
may look like *Oppression*, or by favour-
ing any *Sinister Faction*, would make his
Majesty appear as the *Head* of a Party,
rather than the *King* and *Father* of *All*
his *People*, who should neither know nor
make any *Distinction* of his *Subjects*, but
by their *Virtuous* or *Vicious* Practices, and
Encourages or disapprove of them accor-
dingly. He is as tender of the Kings *Pre-*
rogative, as of his own *Life*, *Estate*, or
Honour: Is no less *Zealous* for the *Legal*
Liberty and *Rights* of the *People*, and
carries so just and Equal a hand, between
Sovereignty and *Subjection*, as creates a
Mu-

Mutual Love, and an Intire Affection, without Clashing, or Inroaching upon the Dignity of the Monarch, or the Birth-Rights of *Englishmen*. He Studies for the Honour of his Country, to make the King Great, and Rich, and his Subjects the Wealshiest and best Natur'd People in the World; as the surest Defence against Forreign and Domestick Enemies. Our States-man's Religion, is Read in the Innocency of his Life, the Exactness of his Morals, the Integrity and Truth of his Words, and the Justice and Honesty of his Conversation. Bigottry, and Screwing up *Perms* of Worship beyond the Bounds of Moderation, is his Utter Aversion; yet is he Zealous for good Order, and Decency, and shews an Equal Love and kindness to all Good Men, that Dissent out of Conscience, and not Humor from him. To Factions and Parties in the State, he is a Profess'd Enemy, as knowing Unanimity and Concord, is the Durable Cement of Societies. He Recommends no Man to the King for an Employment, but upon the account of his Merits, and being Regularly qualified for the discharge of his Office, without which, the nearest Alliance and Tyes of Nature cannot Byass him. He is a Stranger to the little Tricks, and Artifices of selfish Courtiers, and will either oblige a Candidate Heartily, or tell him Freely and Speedily

Speedily he either will not, or cannot do it, without keeping him in a *Dilatory* and *Expensive Attendance* to his Ruin. In brief he is the King's *Faithful Counsellor*; the honest Man's *Friend*, the Poor and Oppressed Man's *Advocate* and *Support*; and the Shame and *Scurge* of the *Double-minded* and *Gripping Courtier*. He is well read in the *Policy of Nations*, and by his *Preventional Prudence*, *Countermines Plots* and *Conspiracies*. He knows all the *Maxims* in Governments, but the *Laws of the Land* are his Rule, and promotes none but those that agree with them, and are *Safe*, and *Honest*. His chiefest Study is the *common Good*, and is less concern'd for his own *Interest*, than that of all *Man-kind*.

A Private Subject.

IS one that *Quietly* and *Constantly* moves in his own *Sphere*, without *Intermeddling* in *Nice* and *Secret Matters of State*, that are out of his *Reach*, and *Inconsistent* wit his *Duty*. That *Heartily* obeys the *King* in all his *Commands*, that do not *Thwart* the *Laws of Nature*, or his *Country*: That *Honours*, *Loves* and *Defends* the *King's Person*, *Crown* and *Dignity*, and
 Chear-

Chearfully contributes to the support of his *Grandeur* and *Government*: That makes his *Private* concerns stoop to the *Publick Good*, and sustains those *Losses* with *Patience*, that he suffers for the common *Interest*. He is one that can distinguish betwixt *Shewish Fear*, and *Religious Obediences* Betwixt the *Interest* and *Cause* of a whole *Nation*, and the *Chamours* and *Disscontents* of a *Litigious* and *Incorrigible Faction*. A Man that will be *True* to his *King*, without being *False* to his *God*, or *Treacherous* to his *Country*, and to conclude, is One that (like the Poets *Dyal*) always stands *True*, tho' the Sun of *Reward* or *Favour* never *Shines* upon him.

A Clergy-man.

IS a *Holy-man* in his *Conversation*, and gains *Souls* to *God*, as well by the *Integrity* of his *Life* as the *Purity* of his *Doctrine*. He is *Universally Learn'd*, Sees with his own *Eyes*, and is able to *Discern Truth* from *Error* by *Understanding* the *Originals*. While others are imposed upon for want of those *Lights*, which a *Generous Education* and hard *Study* has *Happily Bless'd* him with. His *Religion* is the *Ground* of his *Loyalty*, and the *Rule* he

he prescribes to others. His *Companions* are his *Books*, his *Apparment*, his *Study*; and unless upon the Discharge of his Office, in Relieving the *Poor*, visiting the *Sick*, or Reconciling *Differences* among his *Neighbours*, he is seldom to be found out of it. His *Recreations* are doing *Good Works*, and shews the steadfastness of his *Faith*, by making the Holy *Scriptures* the Rule of his Life, and in *Practising* what he Preaches. He *Reads* before he *Writes*, Writes before he ascends the *Pulpit*, and leaves nothing to a scandalous *extempory* Invention. He performs the *Offices* of the Church with a decent *Gravity*, and by his own Example *Awes* his Congregation into a praying Professing, or hearing Posture, and puts them in mind of what they are doing. His *Sermons* are adapted to the *Capacity* of his Auditors, and he makes it his Business to *Instruct*, and not to *Amuse* or *Pleaze* them. He knows sound *Doctrin* in decent Expressions, without Exercises of *Wit* is the Business of a Preacher, and that his Learning is better seen in the substance of his Matter, than in *Elegant* Harangues. He is a Stranger to all manner of *Affectation* either in his Words or Gesture, and commands Attention only by the seriousness of his Discourses, which are all ways confin'd to what we ought to *Believe* or *Practise*, without

without Wandring into unnecessary Digressions, or impertinent Digressions. If Providence raises him to be a Governor in the Church, he is so much the more *Humble*, the higher he is Exalted; for he sees his Work and Account to be greater, and requires the Exercise of his greatest Care and Industry to discharge it Uprightly. His Authority in his *Diocese* does not make him forget that the Inferior Clergy are his Brethren, and he treats them accordingly: And the augmentation to his Estate, reminds him that he is only a *Trustee* for the Poor, and must be given to Hospitality. If any under his Jurisdiction offends, and by repeating his Crimes after a Fatherly Admonition, he is constrain'd to punish his Contumacy, it is done with so much Meekness, as shews him necessitated to it by the Rules of Justice, and not his own Inclination to Severity; and therefore upon his sincere *Reformation* receives him again into his Bosom. If he has only a Competency in a *single Cure*, without any other additional *Preferments*, he lives peaceably, among his Neighbours, contentedly in his Family, discharges his Duty conscientiously, and Dies much Lamented.

An Upright Lawyer.

IS a Man truly Learn'd in the Laws of the Land, and squares his Life by the Rules of *Equity* and *Justice*: That cannot be *Bribed* to Act unjustly, or betray his *Clyent* for filthy Lucre: That prefers the Goodness of a Cause before the Greatness of his Fee, and perswades his *Clyent* to *desist*, as soon as he perceives his Cause is Unjust or Litigious. A *Pauper* in the *Right*, is more Welcome to him than a *Lord* in the *Wrong* Box, and treats him as *Humanly* as the *Richest* Clyent. He espouses his Cause, *Dwells* upon the point of *Right*, and no Frowns, or the Interposition of a more Beneficial Cause, can make him give it over, till the Law has done the Poor-man Right, and deliver'd him from vexatious Delays, and the Tyranny of a Litigious and Purse-proud Adversary. He is the poor Man's Patron, the Widow's Protector, the common Friend, and Father of distressed Orphans, and the Honour of his Profession. He troubles not the Court, nor waists their time with impertinent Address; but insists only upon what is *material*, and in that has the *Fear* of the Court, and the Satisfaction of his

his own Conscience. He is zealous for the Prerogatives of the Crown, and with equal Freedom and Courage Asserts the Liberty of the People, and in both the Law is the Standard. In the Church he behaves himself agreeably to his Character, and the Integrity and Justice of his Life, Proclaims him *Orthodox*, and sincere in his Religion. In short, he is a faithful Friend, a kind and loving Neighbour; Hospitable to the Rich, Charitable to the Poor, and Beneficial to all Men: Whose personal Merits, and the King's Favour, will ere long promote him to the Honour of a Judge, to the Satisfaction of whole Nation.

A Learned Physician:

IS a true Friend, a careful Assistant of Nature; and from her Indigitations, Collects a Method for his Practice. By a regular course in his University Studies, he is able to converse with the *Arabian*, *Grecian*, and *Latin* Physicians, his diligent enquiry into the Nature and Operations of Plants and Minerals, and his Anatomical Speculations into Human Bodies, has methodically accomplish'd him for the Practice of Physick, and his Degree

of Death, is a Testimonial of his Sufficiency. He knows the value of Life, the Greatness of his Trust, and his Care is equal to the Account he must give to God for the Death of every Patient. Physick has been too long accounted the Mother of no less monstrous a Birth than that of *Atreus*, and the Adage is in every one's mouth, *Ubi tria Medici, ibi est Periculum*; where are Three Physicians, there is Danger; and because some Popes that want a Name, are fond of that Ill one, our Physicians by a serious religious Life, and the Exercise of Vertue, endeavours to wipe off that Scandal from the Profession, and proves from every Leaf, Herb and Flower, and the stupendious Sense of Man's composition, that the Knowledge of Physick, and Ignorance of the Existence of a Deity, is wholly impossible, since beyond all other men they have undeniable Proofs of it.

Præsentemque refert quælibet Herba Deum.
 and the deeper they search into the wonders of Nature, the more will they be obliged to confess and say, *This is the Lord's doing*. He knows he has to do with Rational Creatures, and lives in an Age, not to be imposed upon by *Authoritative* prescriptions, or *Opinionated* *Nostrums*, and therefore proposes the Satisfaction of mens *Reasons* by the Rationality of his Method, before

before he attempts the Care of their Diseases. He does not always follow the common *Traſh*, but varies his *Prescriptions* according to the different Constitutions of his Patients; and follows the Dictates of Nature, in all her symptomatical discoveries of *Despair* or *Amendments*. He despiseth the common Cheat, and dangerous Practice of administering Physick upon the sight of a *Urinal*; but will see the Patient, tho' he is sure to have scarce Thanks for his Visits, and is as careful of the Poor as the Rich, tho' at the Expence of maintaining them with Food, while he is giving of them Physick. If he is invited to a *Consult*, he delivers his Judgment freely, and will not suffer his Reason to be blinded by a Nominal Authority; Solid Reason is his Rule, and a well establish'd Experience, both enlightens his Judgment, and satisfies his Conscience. Above all things he abhors tricking Men out of their Lives, to try the Operation of a Chimerical Medicine, nor Flatters Mens hopes against evident Symptoms of an impossibility of recovering; but gives every Patient, early notice of his *Dissolution*, that before he leaves this World, he may be prepared for a Better.

R 2

A true English Country Gentleman.

IS the State upon which our Nobility
 is grafted, the Tree from which Scions
 are gather'd to be inoculated into the
 most Illustrious Families; there are
 none of them but owe their Originall
 and Bearing to the ancient Gentry of Eng-
 land, and many of them are still more
 ancient Families, than those that have ac-
 quired additional Titles. The Gentry of
 England are the Treasury of the Nation,
 the Support of the Crown, the Safety of the
 Kingdom, the Walls of the Church, the Pil-
 lars of the State, the Honour of the Bench,
 the Credit of the Barn, the Mice's of the
 Camp, the Learning of the Court, the Pro-
 tectors of their Country, and the Main-
 tainers of Honour, Liberty, and Peace. In
 his Country Mansion House, he lives
 like a Peery Prince, and his own Domains
 furnish his Table plentifully with Fowl,
 Flesh, and Fish, and his Orchard and Gar-
 den with Flowers, Herbs, and Delicacies
 Fruits, of which few Men have more,
 no Man can have better. He is not plagu'd
 with a Nursery of Beggers call'd Footmen;
 does not keep an Hospital for Carvers and
 Kitchers, nor a Seraglio of Whores, which
 Sluce

Since the Blood and Brains out. He does
 not daily Muster a Regiment of *Sharks*,
Fools, and *Knaves*, at his Table, which
 Surfeit on his Folly, and empty his Celler
 with the Gluttons Prayer, God Bless the
Feunder; but keeps a constant Table for
 his Friends and Family, and unexpected
Visitors can never surprize him. His kind-
 ness to his Friends, or *Civility* to Stran-
 gers, does never Interrupt his Devotions,
 and those that Sit with him at his Table,
 must kneel with him in his Chappel; his
 Recreations are generous and Manly, and
 he uses them for his Diversifement and his
 Health, but his Study is his Business. His
 Servants Thrive, his Tennants grow Rich,
 and the Poor in his Parish are employ'd,
 and well provided for. He Administers
 Justice with an equal hand: Honest Men
 Love him, and none but ill Men Fear him;
 he is careful in the discharge of his Re-
 ligious Duties, and is a stranger to the
 foolish and Fashionable Vices of the Age,
 which consume the Bodies and Estates of
 all that pursue them. He neither sells nor
 Mortgages his Old Land, to build a New
 House, but resolves to leave them toge-
 ther as he found them: He delights in
 the Country Air, and Innocent Diversion,
 spends his Revenue in Hospitality among
 his Neighbours, and has no business in
 London unless his Country send him thi-
 ther.

